Bei Mir Bist Du Schön *by* Robert Forsythe

NEW MASSES

JANUARY 18, 1938 FIFTEEN CENTS A COPY

Deadlock in the City Council

How Ruthless Tammany Efficiency Robbed New York Progressives of Complete Victory

BY KALMUN HECHT

"Guilty as Charged!"

Evidence Piles Up About the Trotskyite Wreckers in the U.S.S.R.

BY JOSHUA KUNITZ

Nazis in the Company Union

Spotlight on Pennsylvania's Vigilantes

By Earl McCoy

Enemies of the People of Spain

Six Drawings for S. R. I. Posters

By Puyol

Herbert L. Matthews's "Two Wars" *reviewed by* James Hawthorne

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BETWEEN OURSELVES

FIRST responses have come in to our reference in this column last week to a proposal for a monthly theater arts section, and they are extremely favorable. While we are still a long way from seeing our way clear financially to launch such a venture, we are, of course, pleased at the interest shown.

William Kozlenko, editor of the *One Act Play Magazine,* writes that "such a publication at this time would do much to stimulate renewed interest in the activities of the revolutionary theater. It is more than a coincidence that, at the moment the *New Theatre* went out of business, simultaneously many amateur theater groups likewise gave up the ghost. It is necessary to have a left-wing theater chronicle."

"As president of the Student Council of the New Theatre School," writes Harry Davis, "I transfer the sentiment of the student body, which is very favorably inclined toward such a move. You may expect all the support at our command."

Marc Blitzstein, composer of *The Cradle Will Rock,* welcomes the idea with enthusiasm. "When the *New Theatre* magazine disappeared last year there was a terrific gap felt by everyone who had any interest in the theater as a progressive force in our world. Now it looks as if the supplement to the NEW MASSES . . . is going to fill the gap. If it turns out to be one-half as lively and provoking as the old *New Theatre* magazine—and the signs are very hopeful—there will be cause for cheering. I don't have to tell you how enthusiastic I am about the whole idea."

These are by no means the only favorable responses. A number of other readers have written enthusiastically of the proposed venture and have promised to contribute their support and to enlist the support of their friends.

Harold J. Rome, composer and author of the now famous *Pins and Needles,* and the Lehman Engel Madrigal Singers with Mr. Engel conducting, have joined the impressive list of artists who will appear on our night of music, on February 6. An interesting feature in the presentation of *I've Got the Tune* will be the presence of sound-effect men in full view of the audience. The full program appears on page 30 of this issue.

The NEW MASSES has taken a large block of tickets for Marc Blitzstein's satiric operetta, *The Cradle Will Rock,* for Wednesday, February 9. Reserve your seats now by calling Caledonia 5-3076.

What's What

GRANVILLE HICKS is making a series of weekly broadcasts from Station WABY, Albany, commenting on the news. He is on the air for fifteen minutes each Sunday at 5:30 p.m. The program is sponsored by the Troy branch of the Communist Party, and is paid for by contributions of friends. Hicks emphasizes important news that the papers fail to give his radio audience, which, as anyone familiar with the Albany press knows, lets him cover a lot of ground.

The New York State Committee of the Young Communist League will present a Lenin-Luxembourg-Liebknecht memorial program over station WMCA on Friday, January 14, at 9:30 p.m. The opening address will be made by Gil Green, national president of the League, who will be introduced by John Little, New York State executive secretary.

Daniel Stein writes that he has back copies of the NEW MASSES from May 1935 to December 1936, which he would like to dispose of free to any interested organization or person. Requests for these back copies should be addressed to the NEW MASSES which will forward them to Mr. Stein.

Ethel Saniel calls our attention to an error which occurred in Mr. Putnam's essay on "Literary Fascism in Brazil," which gave the date of Vargas's accession to power as 1936 when it should have been 1930.

Marc Blitzstein and Wallingford Riegger are among the composers whose works will be performed and discussed during a series of five Sunday afternoon concerts and symposiums to be held at the Downtown Music School, 68 East 12 Street, New York. The series starts on January 16.

Referring to the article "Frame-Up in Los Angeles," by Alfred O'Malley in our issue of December 28, Michael Lesser writes: "In that article a certain character, Arthur Scott, alias Kent, is exposed as a stool pigeon whose work connected him with the Tom Mooney Molders' Defense Committee. A good many of us, however, remember the work of Louis B. Scott, who toured the country a few years ago, organizing the convention that took place in Chicago then, in behalf of Tom Mooney. Inasmuch as the work performed by Louis B. Scott was under the auspices of the Mooney Molders' Defense Committee . . . confusion may arise. . . . I happen to know that such confusion has already arisen, and feel you should publish a statement, making the status of the two clear." To clear the matter up, then, we can state that there is no connection between "Scott-alias-Kent-alias Margolis" and Louis B. Scott. In fact Louis B. Scott recently wrote Tom Mooney a letter telling him that he had sat in at the preliminary hearing in the case of "Scott-Kent-Margolis"—the one that O'Malley reported on. In this letter he described his sensations on finding himself looking at a former co-worker in the Mooney defense.

Isidor Schneider, who has been in the Soviet Union for a year, writes: "I had intended to return this winter but have decided to stay on till summer. It is a privilege to be in the land of socialism and a constant inspiration. The atmosphere is tense; the war danger is felt, but is regarded with such steeled serenity that here, everywhere, I feel more confidence, ease, and strength than in New York, which is further away geographically and psychologically from the war's immediacy."

Chinese Woman Volunteer by Jack Chen is now on exhibit at the A.C.A. Galleries, N. Y., along with other paintings by Chinese artists.

Who's Who

KALMUN HECHT, a member of the Labor Research Association and on the staff of *State of Affairs,* is also the author of a chapter in Horace Davis's book, *Labor in Steel,* in which he exposes the real rate of profit in the steel industry. Mr. Hecht is a certified accountant in New York state. . . . Earl McCoy is a Philadelphia labor journalist. . . . Ha Slochower teaches comparative lit ture at Brooklyn College. His *Th Ways of Modern Man* has bee nominated by Clifton Fadiman of the *New Yorker* as the best book of literary criticism to have been published in 1396. . . . Wallace Moore is a Washington correspondent.

Flashbacks

AS outraged lovers of democracy resist the establishment of Nazi camps in Connecticut, they might make something of an anniversary that falls due this week. Two hundred and ninety-nine years ago the first written constitution drawn up on American soil was put in force in Connecticut. On January 14, 1639, farmers who had fled the Massachusetts "aristocracy of righteousness" agreed on the Fundamental Orders, the first constitution in modern history drafted by the free founders of a state. . . . The world's first Communist daily newspaper in English began publication January 21, 1924 in Chicago. The same paper, still appearing, continues in New York under its original name, *The Daily Worker.* . . . Those who listened when Karl Liebknecht first said, "The youth of the proletariat will come off the victor over all its enemies and will later continue the struggles now being waged by their elders," are this week continuing the struggle to which the beloved leader referred, by celebrating his anniversary. Liebknecht was born January 13, 1871, and on January 15, 1919 he and Rosa Luxembourg were lynched by Prussian officers for opposing imperialism and war. . . . In Spain this week, the people are following up their jubilation over the victory at Teruel with another celebration. January 16 is the second anniversary of the founding of the People's Front.

THIS WEEK

VOL. XXVI, NO. 4

January 18, 1938

Deadlock in the City Council *by Kalmun Hecht* 3
New Crib for My Son *A Poem by Nils Hager* 6
"Guilty as Charged!" *by Joshua Kunitz* 8
Editorial Comment 11
Bei Mir Bist Du Schön *by Robert Forsythe* 14
Peach Orchard *by Robert G. Duncan* 15
Enemies of the People of Spain *Posters by Puyol* 16
The Nazis in the Company Unions *by Earl McCoy* . . . 18
Readers' Forum 20

BOOK REVIEWS

From Addis Ababa to Madrid *by James Hawthorne* . . . 22
Reporters at Capitol Hill *by Wallace Moore* 22
Three Novels of Frustration *by Samuel Sillen* 23
Henrik Ibsen's Social Views *by Harry Slochower* . . . 24
Handbook of Mexican Painting *by Charmion von Wiegand* . 24
A Marxist Study of Ancient Rome *by J. R. Dayton* . . 25
Brief Reviews 26

SIGHTS AND SOUNDS

Quicksilver at the Mercury *by Eleanor Flexner* 28
Housing and Flood Control in the Films *by Peter Ellis* . 29
Finale: Dance International *by Owen Burke* 31
Forthcoming Broadcasts 31

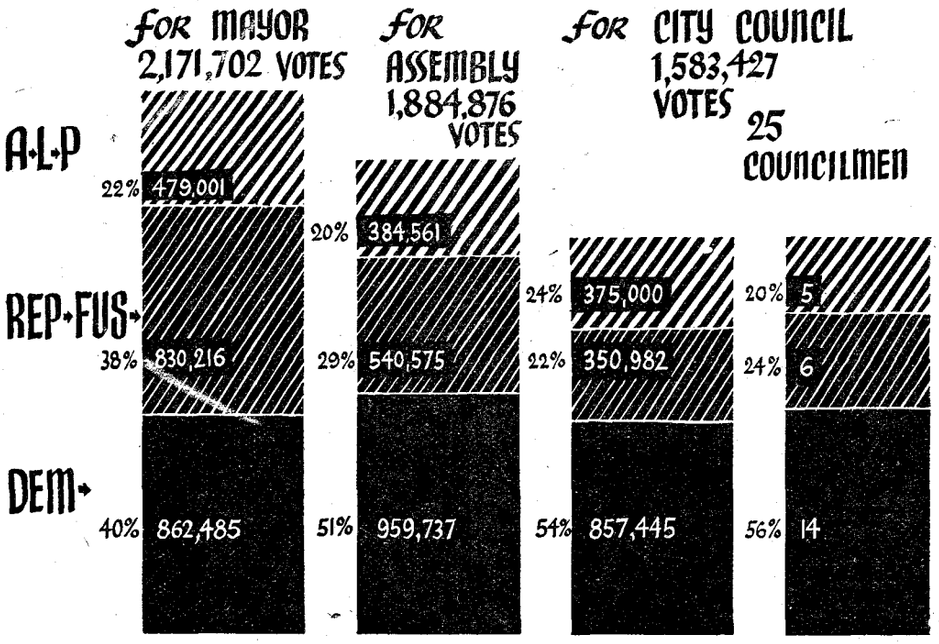
Art work by Funk, Ad Reinhardt, Hirschfeld, Soriano, Louis Lozowick, John Mackey, Puyol, John Heliker, Harry Sternberg, Gardner Rea, Joseph Serrano, Jack Chen.

Two weeks' notice is required for change of address. Notification direct to us rather than to the post office will give the best results.

Published weekly by WEEKLY MASSES CO., INC., at 31 East 27th Street, New York City. Copyright, 1938, WEEKLY MASSES CO., INC., Reg. U. S. Patent Office. Drawings and text may not be reprinted without permission. Entered as second-class matter, June 24, 1926, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Single copies, 15 cents. Subscription $4.50 a year in U. S. and Colonies and Mexico. Six months $2.50; three months $1.25; Foreign $5.50 a year; six months $3; three months $1.50. In Canada, $5 a year, $2.75 for six months. Subscribers are notified that no change in address can be effected in less than two weeks. The NEW MASSES welcomes the work of new writers and artists. Manuscripts and drawings must be accompanied by stamped and self-addressed envelope.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW MASSES
JANUARY 18, 1938



How New York City Voted for Mayor, Assembly, and City Council

Deadlock in the City Council

By Kalmun Hecht

TWO months after the progressive forces of New York City congratulated themselves on the reëlection of Mayor LaGuardia on an anti-Tammany platform, and on the emergence of the American Labor Party as a major political force, the new City Council met—and provided the public with a first-class shock. Reading the newspaper reports last week of the struggle within the council to prevent Tammany from seizing full legislative control, New Yorkers found a disturbing question forming in their minds: Who won the election, Tammany or the progressives?

While Councilman Michael J. Quill was speeding home from Ireland to cast his vote with the progressives, and Council President Newbold Morris was holding the fort against the onrushing wampum merchants, this general feeling of amazement at the suddenly revealed incompleteness of the anti-Tammany victory sharpened into specific questions as to the efficacy of proportional representation. Mayor LaGuardia had been reëlected by such a decisive majority that it was disappointing, to say the least, to realize that in the same election the progressives had not been able to carry through with an effective victory in the legislative branch of the city administration.

To put the question which is disturbing many people as simply as possible: Did proportional representation, in its first test in the nation's greatest city, somehow juggle the results so as to defeat the will of the people?

This analysis of proportional representation was undertaken to determine the answer to that question, to show not only why the results are what they are, but also to examine how such results as were evidenced in the deadlock in the Council can be avoided. The following is an outline of what the analysis revealed.

The operation of proportional representation under the present law has resulted in no substantial injustice to any party. This statement is at variance with the popular conception that the Democrats received a larger representation in the Council than they are entitled to; but facts are facts, and they do not bear out that conception. While it is true that Tammany and its "independent" allies elected fifteen out of twenty-six councilmen, although on the basis of Democratic mayoralty strength it was entitled to no more than eleven, the facts nevertheless prove that proportional representation operates mechanically for a fair representation. It was not any inherent fault in P. R. which enabled Tammany to achieve numerical dominance in the Council.

From the graph at the head of this article it can be seen that, whereas there is a disproportion in representation as between the A.L.P. and the Republican-Fusion combination, the Democrats received substantially what they were entitled to on the basis of their voting strength in the councilmanic election. Observe that the total vote for the Democratic winning councilmen falls below the total Democratic vote for mayor by only 5040 votes, whereas the A.L.P. loss from its mayoralty vote is 104,001, and the Republican-Fusion loss is 479,234. On a percentage basis the respective losses from mayoralty strength are: Democrats, 0.6 percent; A.L.P., 22 percent; Republican-Fusion, 58 percent.

As a corollary to the above, the "price" in votes paid by the respective parties for their winners, or the average number of votes needed to elect a councilman (city wide, except Richmond), was:

	Councilmen Elected	*Average Vote Per Councilman*
Total	25	63,337
Democrat	14	61,246
Republican-Fusion	6	58,497
A. L. P.	5	75,000

In other words, it can be seen that the Democratic machines throughout the city utilized their full available strength in the voting for councilmen. They arranged their avail-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

able strength so as to pay a minimum price for maximum results. The A.L.P., on the other hand, did not realize the maximum out of its existing possibilities. It lost over 100,000 eager, progressive votes. In the case of the Republican-Fusion combination, a half million votes were dissipated because of lack of coördination. The A.L.P. lost the opportunity of electing at least two more councilmen; Cacchione's election need not have been in doubt; Fusion and Citizens' Non-Partisan could have gained another half-dozen councilmen had the leaders of these political groups been as astute and industrious as the wily and desperate sachems of Tammany Hall.

A Second-Choice Council. The elected Council, although more democratically representative than past aldermanic bodies, does not represent the first choice of a large majority of the voters. In other words, a large majority of first choices went mainly to other than the winning candidates of the elected Council. The Council's winning votes contain only 40 percent of the original first choices and represent less than 50 percent of the first-choice content of the final count. The figures are:

Total First Choices Cast	1,949,607
Total First Choices Incorporated in Winners' Total Vote	777,397
Final Vote for Winners	1,583,427

777,397 : 1,949,607 = 40%
777,397 : 1,583,427 = 49.1%

On the basis of individual records the facts are more striking. Out of twenty-five men elected (under this analysis) only seven, or 28 percent, had first choices exceeding one-half of 75,000 votes. These seven men (four Democrats and three A.L.P. men) had a total which gave them an average of 43,742 first-choice votes each. The other eighteen, or 72 percent of the Council, averaged only 26,178 first choices each, or about one-third of the 75,000 votes each, which is the basis for their election. Indeed, Surpless (Rep.) in Brooklyn, received only 13,630 first choices.

This does not speak very highly for the popularity of a majority of the elected men. Furthermore, it shows a diffusion of first choices which demonstrates again the confusion and disorganization, if not discontent, among a considerable body of voters. Indeed, dissatisfaction with party candidates is manifested by the voters of both the Democratic and Republican Parties. The Democratic Party reveals deep fissures in its edifice; the Republican Party, it will be seen, has ceased to be a major party in New York City.

Voters in both parties shifted to non-party candidates for councilmen. But whereas the shifting votes from the Republican line are mostly lost and the size of the shift is well over two-thirds of the Republican total, the Democratic voters, almost to the man, returned on alternate votes to Democratic Party candidates, and the magnitude, though very considerable, is not so great as the Republican.

Here is a breakdown of the Democratic vote:

Vote for Assemblymen	959,737
Final Vote for Winning Councilmen	857,445
Difference, Regarded as Normal Loss on P. R. Count (10 2/3%)	102,292
Vote for Mayor	862,485

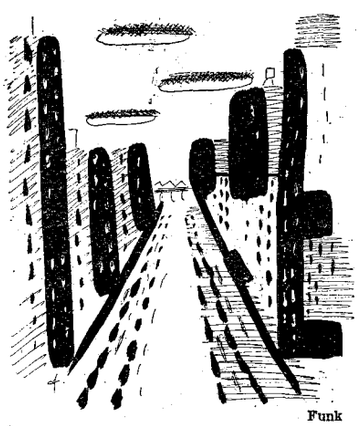
The figures on the Democratic vote for winning councilmen:

First Choice Votes	448,059 = 52.3%
Alternate Votes from Eliminated Democrats	195,583 = 22.8%
Alternate Votes from Scattered Sources (Chiefly Independ.)	213,803 = 24.9%
Total Votes for Winning Democratic Councilmen	857,445 = 100%

The Democrats. The significance of these figures lies in the closeness of the total Democratic vote for mayor and for councilmen. It is practically the same vote. Hence, the "Alternate Votes from Scattered Sources," amounting to 25 percent of the total, must be those of integral Democratic voters who had cast first choices for councilmanic candidates of the anti-Tammany parties. This is a deviation, to borrow a term, the full significance of which can be appreciated only when the character of this vote is considered.

These voters are the "regulars," the standbys of the politicians, the backbone of the party, the hitherto immovable nucleus with which the party could confidently go to the wars in the past. The crime of crimes to these voters is "irregularity," desertion. Yet they did it; they made preferences other than those designated by the organizations—200,000 of them; 25 percent of them. How many more are there prepared to do the same? Consider that these Democrats are "good" Democrats, Democrats who returned to the fold when their original choices went down to defeat, Democrats who would not, or at any rate did not, go to other, opposition parties after their forlorn independents were crushed. Consider also that the machine put up for candidates in this crucial election their "cream of the crop."

It would seem that the crisis within the Democratic Party, reflected in the temporary McKee split in 1933, is deepening preliminary to a permanent split.



Funk

The Republicans. The situation within the Republican Party, as revealed by an analysis of its vote made possible by the P.R. breakdown, shows that this party maintained its importance only because of two factors: (1) It has organizational machinery in the assembly districts which its discontented followers use; and (2) these followers, although they split away from the party line, do not seem able to get themselves absorbed into any other effective political organization.

Let us look at a few figures on the Republican vote:

Vote for Mayor	672,823
Vote for Assemblymen	540,575
Councilmanic Vote.	
First Choices	177,349
Final Republican Council Vote	163,106
Republican Votes Incorporated in Final Count	102,721

How important is this vote? The full vote of 163,106 is 10.3 percent of the final city councilmanic vote; the 102,721 is 6.5 percent of the same vote. Now, for further comparison, just juxtapose the proud Republican votes with the total first choices of the Communist and Socialist Parties. That total is 103,311.

This remarkable shrinkage of votes must have some substantial explanation. The first question is: where did the difference between the assembly vote and councilmanic first choices go? The difference, mind you, 540,575 minus 177,349, is 363,226 or 67.2 percent of the Assembly vote. The answer is, according to the "Table of Probable Shifts," a dispersal of votes to:

Citizens' Non-Partisan League	117,449
Fusion Party	187,421
Independents	58,356

"Homeless" Voters. The second question is: why did these 360-odd thousand votes leave the banner of the Republican Party? Since this magnitude represents over two-thirds of the party assembly district vote, and since the Republican Party had sufficient councilmanic candidates in the field to accommodate its full mayoralty showing, the only rational explanation is that these voters do not remain Republicans when they have an opportunity to cast their ballots for candidates other than those of the Republican, Democratic, or American Labor Parties, but that they register Republican when such an opportunity is lacking. In other words, they are lost Republicans in search of a party.

These voters represent dissident elements that have broken away but have as yet not found another party with effective machinery to their liking. Generally speaking, Fusion attracts the liberal erstwhile Republicans and C.N.P. the conservatives, but neither of these groups is very effective. Tammany-ward many of these dissident elements will not go. The A.L.P. has here an opportunity to win over a considerable section of bewildered, confused, disillusioned, and homeless voters. The prob-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ad Reinhardt

able shifts in first choice votes from A.D. to P.R. follows:

Gains to:	*Democratic Losses*	*Republican Losses*	*A. L. P. Losses*	*Vote Increase*
Fusion	———	187,421	45,579	———
Communist ...	———	———	74,156	———
Socialist	———	———	29,155	———
C. N. P.	———	117,449	———	———
Independent ..	292,757	58,356	———	64,731
Totals	292,757	363,226	148,890	64,731

The American Labor Party. The crack-up of the old, corrupt, and decrepit parties laid the material basis for the upsurge of the A.L.P. The following table shows the present voting strength of organized political labor by first-choice P.R. votes:

	Total	*A. L. P.*	*Communist Party*	*Socialist Party*
Manhattan	58,778	35,578	18,370	4,830
Bronx	113,213	86,449	20,946	5,818
Brooklyn	143,172	94,436	30,229	18,507
Queens	23,822	19,211	4,611	———
Total	338,985	235,674	74,156	29,155
Distribution ...	100%	69.5%	21.9%	8.6%

Here follows the proportion of first-choice labor votes to the total vote of all parties:

	All Parties	*A. L. P.*	*A. L. P. Ratio*
Mayoralty Vote	2,171,702	479,001	22.1%
First Choices	1,949,607	338,985	17.4%
Winning Council Vote..	1,583,427	375,000	23.7%

The A.L.P. strength is therefore about 23 percent of the city vote, and it therefore takes second place only to the Democratic Party, which musters 40 percent. Its basic strength exceeds that of the combined Republican and Fusion Parties. (See graph.)

Furthermore, the A.L.P. commands a compact, organizable, disciplined body—more disciplined than *any other* political body. To illustrate: the winning labor candidates received more first choices from their own party and affiliated groups than any other parties. Percentages of these first choices in the final vote are: A.L.P., 79.7 percent; Democrats, 52.3 percent; Republicans, 39 percent; Fusion, 37.4 percent.

Party Efficiency. A pertinent question here presents itself. Why, if the A.L.P. voters are so well disciplined, did not this party achieve a greater victory with its available strength? Why did it pay the maximum price for its councilmen?

The answer, I think, is that the leadership of the A.L.P. (or its election management) is not as experienced or deft as that of Tammany. The A.L.P. men failed to comprehend the possibilities inherent in the situation or to take full advantage of their available forces. They failed to place sufficient candidates into the field, hence one or two additional councilmen were lost; they failed to make uniform endorsements, hence their alternates were scattered far and wide; they failed to coöperate with the Communist Party in Brooklyn, hence the elimination of Gelo elected Surpless instead of Cacchione and so lost what may perhaps be the decisive vote in the Council.

The Tammany machine demonstrated its high mechanical efficiency. As already pointed out, the Democratic Party managed, with an available 40 percent of the city vote, to elect 58 percent of the Council's representation. This, in itself, demonstrates not only the disorganization and confusion of its opposition, but Tammany's own ability to utilize its resources to the fullest extent. An analysis of the wasted votes shows that of the total first choices for all of the Democratic twenty-six candidates in the four boroughs, amounting to 666,980, all but 23,338, or 3½ percent, were finally recorded for some one of the party's fourteen winners. Upon the elimination of its twelve losers, 18,537 or 2.8 percent went to various other parties and only 4801 or 0.7 percent were spent or wasted, *i.e.*, not counted for some winner. Contrast this with the average waste of 18.1 percent for the city as a whole, 10.6 percent for the Communists, 11.8 percent for the Republicans, 26.1 percent for Fusion, etc.

To speak mechanically, the Democratic Party machine is twenty-six times as efficient as the average city political group, seventeen times as efficient as the New York Republican Party, fifteen times as the Communist Party, and thirty-seven times as the Fusion group. The important thing, however, is not the working of this mechanical marvel but the political and tactical lessons to be drawn therefrom.

The results accruing to the New York Democratic Party from this extraordinary efficiency we have, to our sorrow, already seen. Now then, whence comes this extraordinary efficiency? How does the Democratic Party,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

uniquely, get that way? Surely the Tammany machine voters, individually, cannot be said to be twenty-six times as efficient as the average city voter. Nor can its leading politicians be said to be intellectual giants, as compared with the leaders and functionaries of the other parties. Nor is the science of political organization a monopolized sesame of the Tammany tin-box artists. What's the answer?

The answer is—*serious work.* Tammany works. While other political groups do things sporadically, with or without plan, *Tammany works systematically according to plan.* It appraises any given situation, maps a campaign of *intensified contacts* with the voters, and carries through the campaign of *actually contacting* the voters and of keeping the contacts warm. It instructs the voters carefully, leaving nothing to chance. Result: *96½ percent of Democratic votes count for* Democratic Party candidates as against 90 percent for the compact, highly-disciplined A.L.P. vote, 58 percent for the Republicans, and 44.8 percent for Fusion. And Tammany has numerical control of the Council of progressive, anti-Tammany New York.

Communist Strength. Proportional representation revealed the emergence of the Communist Party from the status of a small minority party to that of a party of significance. Apart from its undoubted influence in the ranks of other parties, its present voting strength and its rate of acceleration give promise, in the next few years (barring intervention of fascism), of making this party a decisive factor *in city politics. Consider this table on* Communist Party voting strength in assembly districts:

	1933	1935	1936	1937
Votes	28,668	49,776	65,056	90,422*
Increase		21,108	15,280	25,366
Rate of Progress		74%	31%	40%
Increased vote over 1933.....				61,745
Rate of Increase over 1933.....				215%
Ratio to Total City Vote.....	1.4%	2.9%	2.5%	4.6%†

* Councilmanic votes (first choices, 74,156, eliminated alternates 16,266).

† Based on total Council first choices of 1,949,607.

From the above table it can be seen that the rate of acceleration averages, for the four years, 36 percent over each preceding year and that 1937 is above the average with 40 percent. This development indicates acceleration at an increasing tempo. If this rate holds true for the next four years, 1941 should show a Communist Party vote of from 250,000 to 350,000 (always remembering the grim possibility of unfortunate contingencies).

Of the Socialist Party, there is only this much to be said: it has practically ceased to exist as a political party—its voters have evaporated. In 1933 it polled a city vote of 75,000, and today it barely rounded 30,000.

How to Win New York. To summarize then, we have seen how proportional representation works. It is mechanically fair but requires a serious approach and expert planning. We have seen revealed the great diffusion of preferences, a groping on the part of the voters, not without confusion. We have had revealed to us the mighty ferment within the Democratic and Republican Parties—golden opportunities as yet taken advantage of only to a small degree by the American Labor Party. We have seen revealed the great efficacy of astute organization, and contrarywise, the pathetic losses inherent in lack of such organization. We have had revealed to us the method by which reaction may win electoral power in the face of overwhelming, but disorganized, opposition. The basic lesson is that Tammany and reaction *can* be smashed—the city *can* be won for progress provided: *the progressive elements unite and organize effectively.*

The objective basis for the complete and final destruction of Tammany and its reactionary appendages is present in the current political situation. The factors involved in this development are daily becoming more acute. One of the focal points of a head-on collision is a progressive, union-organized New York. Control of the city government may be decisive at any stage in this process.

Who is going to control New York? The answer lies with the leadership of the American Labor Party. New York *can* be won for progress *if*—but only *if*—the lessons of organizational efficiency of which Tammany is such a master are understood and its organizational efficiency duplicated.

★ ★ ★

New Crib for a Young Son

Rest, for rest is rare
between this place and the last
green, cool, romantic, highly undesirable.
Rest and gather strength.

Full is the world, *so full of a number of things* to do
we should be happy as kings to be able to do them,
we should be sadder than beggars
(for we shall be worse than beggars) are they not done.

There are so many nails to drive,
there are so many nails to pull out,
so many nails never to be driven in wrong again.

Rest till strength comes and the time comes.
(There will be quite a few smashed thumbs.)

Lucky lad, whose crib is so much better than most.
May you have skill with the saw, may you be lithe with the lathe.

The world is so far behind on its orders for cribs.
The world is so far behind on its orders for soup.
Most of the world is so far behind
that part of the world is far, far ahead.
What is the world? What is life?

The world is the people in the world. People with bellies and souls.
People who have a short time between one crib and the last.
The world is the world of the desires of people.

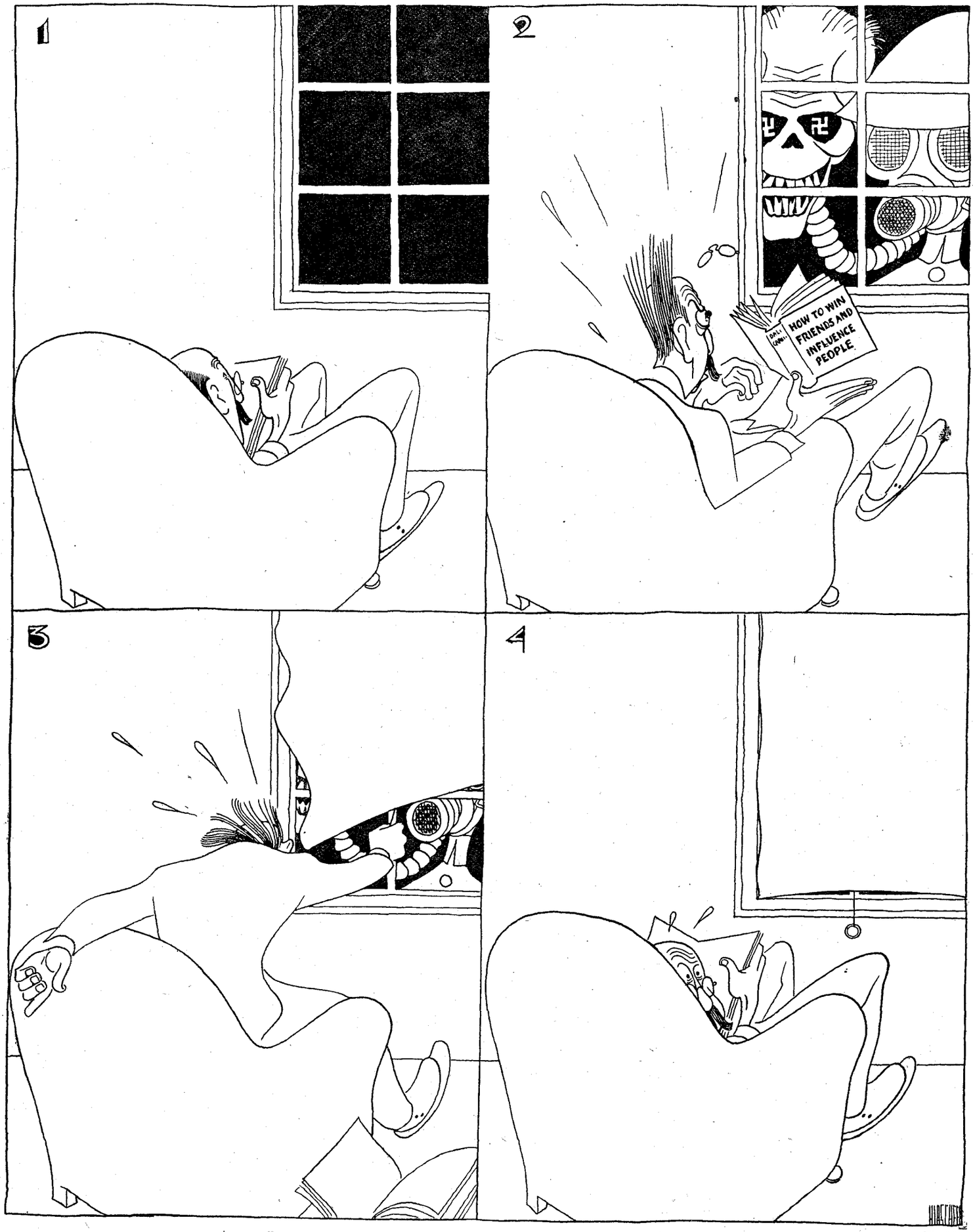
Life is a span of hours: the time between the cribs,
but a great deal besides: what went before and what comes;
our twentieth century, your twenty-first,
and the smoke of the nineteenth that never lifted.
Life is what you get out of the ground
and what you leave above earth and in earth for the next.
No one can tell you what life is. Nobody needs to.
While you're alive, you'll know.

Both will be what you make them, you and a lot like you.
But neither life nor the world will be as soft as this crib.
Not life, not the world, and not you.

One thing more: die for something good.
Choose something good to die for and you will not die alone.

NILS HAGER.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



THE ISOLATIONIST

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Guilty as Charged!"

By Joshua Kunitz

ONE moment in the Radek-Pyatakov trial of last January remains ineradicably limned in my memory.

Pyatakov was on the stand. Tall, austere, aristocratic, with an elongated red beard and with his glowing auburn hair forming something like a nimbus around his bald pate, he looked like a grand inquisitor stepped out of a medieval Spanish painting. In a cold, metallic voice, the recent assistant commissar of heavy industry was recounting the various sabotage schemes that he and the other Trotskyites had elaborated, how because of their efforts plans had been disrupted, factories wrecked, mines ruined, workers killed. The gruesome recital seemed endless. The crowded courtroom, aghast, was so quiet that one almost heard the beating of one's own heart.

Suddenly the attention of my neighbor and myself was attracted by a peculiar crackling little noise back of us, accompanied by what sounded like a stifled sob and groan. The sound came with haunting regularity. I turned my head. An old man, a worker in his sixties, sat directly behind me, his pale blue eyes glued on the witness stand, and his lips pressed together in pain behind the heavy, tobacco-stained, gray mustaches that moved pathetically up and down, up and down. He sat there, twisting his grimy, gnarled fingers so hard that the joints cracked, and emitting a muffled groan each time another detail of wrecking was bared before the court. That crackling sound and those muffled groans formed a weird *leitmotif* to what was transpiring in the courtroom. And to me this involuntary, scarcely conscious commentary of the old Russian worker seemed even more affecting, more stirring, more shattering than all the eloquent denunciations made by the prosecuting attorney and all the condemnations in the press.

This old Soviet worker knew with every nerve, muscle, and twisted bone in his body what it meant to build a modern socialist industry on the ruins of the backward, ignorant empire of the czars. Every girder, plant, screw, nail, every scrap of iron in the workers' and peasants' republic represented the Soviet toilers' blood and sweat and superhuman sacrifice. Willingly, consciously, even cheerfully, he, like millions of his Soviet comrades, had tightened his belt to the last notch, eating little, sleeping little, wearing rags but working desperately to build up a strong, modern, prosperous, socialist fatherland. How this old worker who had known capitalist exploitation, chronic unemployment, starvation, the Cossack's knout must have exulted when he saw the splendid industrial giants, socialist fortresses, rise all about him! How he must have grieved when he ran up against indifference, inefficiency, mismanagement, bureaucracy! He grieved, but that did not stop him from working still harder, only to encounter again and again mysterious interferences, incomprehensible delays, learned explanations, bland excuses.

Like millions of other Soviet workers and honest technicians and engineers who were directly engaged in the building of Soviet industry, this old worker had gathered too much evidence in the course of his own work to question even for one moment the authenticity of the confessions. To him the whole thing was only too distressingly clear. The scoundrels on the stand confessed because they had been caught with the goods, because they could not get out of it, because they dared not deny their guilt.

But what was clear to the masses in the Soviet Union was not so clear to their fickle friends and outright enemies abroad. Words like "fake," "frame-up," "theater" were used both in ignorance and malice. Those who knew the facts and attempted to present them were howled down as Stalinists, propagandists, Soviet apologists, agents of the G.P.U. *But the truth will out.* Gradually, and despite both the deliberate lies and the unconscious slanders of the Max Eastmans, the Stolbergs, the Deweys, the Lyonses, corroborative evidence, emanating from most unexpected sources, even from the editor of the ultra-conservative London *Times,* has been gradually piling up abroad. A few short months have passed and already even a reactionary sheet like the New York *Herald Tribune* is forced to admit editorially, though in its own insidious lingo, that "Proof that there was considerable plotting and industrial wrecking on the part of anti-Stalinist groups within the Communist Party has been accumulating."

One of the most recent proofs cited by the *Herald Tribune* was the series of articles in the *Saturday Evening Post,* by John L. Littlepage, an American mining engineer who worked in the Soviet for ten years.

Soriano

Now Mr. Littlepage, as his articles unmistakably reveal, is certainly no Communist and no defender of the Soviet Union. Had he been one, he would not have been published by the *Saturday Evening Post* and his testimony wouldn't have been cited by the *Herald Tribune.* Indeed, Mr. Littlepage's political development is, to put it mildly, in its infancy. He is, however, an engineer who knows his business, takes pride in his work, and honestly strives to obtain the maximum results when put on an engineering job. And it is as an engineer, solely on the basis of his own experience, that Mr. Littlepage asserts his firm conviction that "most of the people" accused of sabotage and wrecking in the Soviet courts are "guilty as charged." In the gold-mining industry, where he spent most of his time, Mr. Littlepage had apparently encountered little if any sabotage, hence his work there was eminently successful, and the industry prospered. In other industries, such as copper and other non-ferrous metals in the Urals, for instance, he had found definite evidences of wrecking:

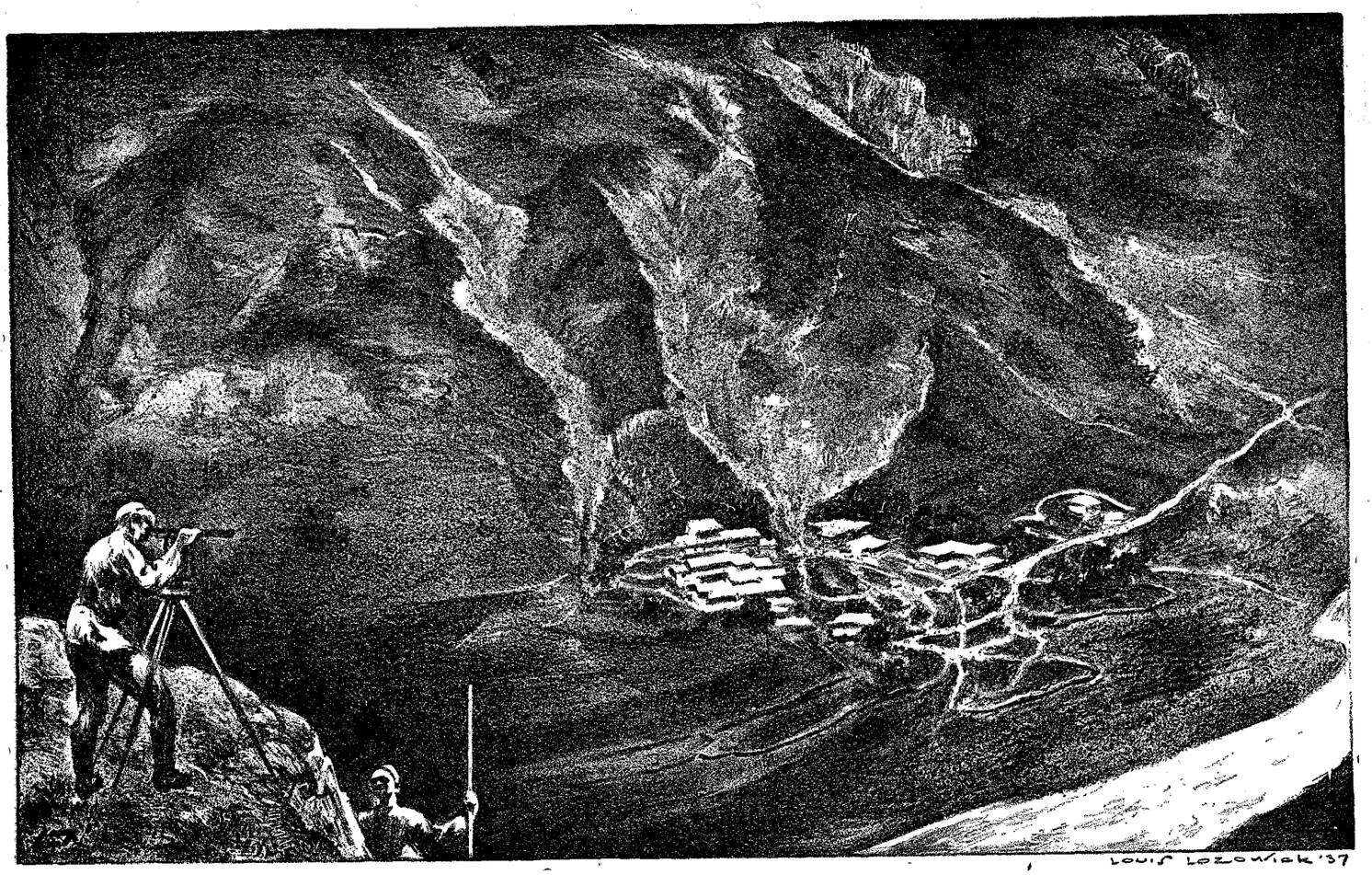
> Pyatakov's associates were directly in charge of copper mining over a period of years. Judging from my own experiences, I can't believe that it was entirely a matter of chance that disastrous "mistakes" occurred so much oftener in copper and other non-ferrous metal mines than in gold mines, where the leadership was never in question. I personally have no doubts whatever that the Khalata copper mines were deliberately wrecked after we American engineers had got them going.

As regards the famous Moscow trials, Mr. Littlepage, who had been working for years alongside many of those who had publicly admitted their crimes, declares unequivocally that their confessions were "genuine—at least so far as their statements applied to industrial sabotage." In the case of Pyatakov, Mr. Littlepage's story is especially interesting, for it confirms to a T the evidence produced in Moscow.

> Pyatakov testified [writes Littlepage] that the group of conspirators, of which he was a leader, built up a reserve fund for their anti-government activities abroad by getting rebates on purchases from German firms. The Soviet prosecutor didn't see fit to call me as a witness; if he had done so, I might have contributed something useful. I suppose the prosecutor didn't know I had any connection with the affair.

The author then proceeds to describe in detail how a group of experts, including himself, was sent to Germany under Pyatakov to purchase mining machinery, and how Pyatakov bought inferior goods at exorbitant prices so as to provide for a rebate which, as the trial showed, went into a secret Trotskyite

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Caucasian Village

Lithograph by Louis Lozowick

fund. The American engineer saw that something was definitely wrong, but, naturally, he could not lay his finger on it. He objected vigorously, but his objections were not received any too enthusiastically. Nevertheless, on one item, at least, he did manage to block the scheme, for which unsolicited service the plotters later tried to do away with this perpetual American nuisance.

Needless to say, Mr. Littlepage is not the only honest foreign engineer who visited places and saw things in the U.S.S.R. And I venture the prophecy that the success of his series in the *Saturday Evening Post* will soon release a deluge of similar startling revelations. Indeed, several weeks prior to the appearance of his story, another American engineer, whose name I am not authorized to divulge, submitted first to the *Nation* and then to us in the NEW MASSES a rough draft of a lengthy manuscript containing a scrupulously detailed account of his experiences with saboteurs and wreckers during eight years of work in the Soviet Union. The material was exceedingly valuable, but so badly written and so distressingly interlarded with naïve political theorizing that its use in the NEW MASSES in such shape was out of the question. We suggested that the author collaborate with an experienced writer before attempting to submit his book to a publisher. What has happened to the manuscript since, I do not know, but I earnestly hope that it will see the light soon, for it contains amazing confirmation of numerous points made by John L. Littlepage in his sensational series in the *Saturday Evening Post*. One particularly interesting detail is the description of how Smirnov, the same Smirnov who figured so prominently in the Zinoviev-Kamenev trial, tried to entice the American engineer into wrecking and sabotage by offering him a bribe.

THE HANDLING of the Soviet trials by the enemies of the Soviet Union has been very revealing and typical. The first attempt was to undermine the prestige and influence of the Soviet Union by impugning its entire system of law and justice. That seemed to work for some time in some quarters. However, when the evidence began to accumulate and it became difficult to maintain the old position, the enemies began to retreat to the next position: Soviet justice may be all right, but, in the words of the *Herald Tribune* editorial:

> . . . Though the plotters may now have been discovered and liquidated, it seems probable [!] that the morale of all the Communist organizations has been shaken by the frenzied hunt for conspirators during the last months. . . . If [!] the effect has been equally great on the Russian army and other branches of the Soviet state, it *seems probable* [!] that the Soviet Union will be some time recovering the position in world affairs which it had before these troubles broke out.

And that is the way the mind of the enemy always operates—wishful thinking, rationalization, insidious "ifs" and "seems."

For months, to take another example, Mr. Denny has been writing about the catastrophic state of Soviet industry. Now, after his nonsense has been exposed, he admits in an inconspicuous little sentence in a recent article, that both the heavy and light industries (not to mention the bumper crop) in the Soviet Union for the year 1937 showed a considerable increase over the year 1936. *But* (and here is another catastrophe!) the projected increase for all industry in 1938 is *only* 15 percent over that in 1937—the lowest rate of increase since the Five-Year Plans have been launched.

So this is the proof of the "great weakness" that has shaken the Soviet industrial structure! Despite wrecking and sabotage, despite spying and diversions, the curve of industrial and agricultural production is going upward, steadily and unconquerably upward. And where the *Herald Tribune* wishes to discern signs of great weakness, honest observers will discern proof of great strength. It is only an extraordinarily healthy organism that can grow and develop and gather strength at the very time that it is energetically fighting off and ridding itself of the virulent disease germs that have found temporary lodgement in some of its dark corners.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

John Mackey

ALFRED P. ($561,311-A-YEAR) SLOAN, JR.

"On the other hand, if to increase wages means to increase selling prices, little is gained, and perhaps much is lost."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW MASSES

ESTABLISHED 1911

Editors
THEODORE DRAPER, GRANVILLE HICKS, CROCKETT JOHNSON, JOSHUA KUNITZ, HERMAN MICHELSON, BRUCE MINTON, SAMUEL SILLEN, ALEXANDER TAYLOR.

Contributing Editors
ROBERT FORSYTHE, JOSEPH FREEMAN, MICHAEL GOLD, HORACE GREGORY, LOREN MILLER, ISIDOR SCHNEIDER.

Business and Circulation Manager
GEORGE WILLNER

Advertising Manager
ERIC BERNAY

★

Stolberg: Stool-Pigeon

BENJAMIN STOLBERG is helping to complete the political education of many Americans. He is the latest, and one of the most unscrupulous exponents of Trotskyism in practice. If there is any tendency to dismiss Trotskyism as the private bogy of the Communists, Stolberg will dispel it. If you think that Trotskyism is but a "doctrinal controversy" of no practical significance, this Trotskyite will set you straight. Above all, if you think that Trotskyism is just a "Russian phenomenon" which Americans can ignore, here is the man for you.

For this Stolberg is the author of twelve articles on the C.I.O. currently featured in the Scripps-Howard papers. He is one of the five members of the Trotsky "Defense" Committee. His first article presumably set the tone, though we have read no others as we go to press. In this one, Stolberg piles the blame for the C.I.O.'s problems on the Communist Party. One-third of the C.I.O. is "gravely ill," he writes, because the Communist Party is carrying out the "foreign policy" of the "Soviet bureaucracy." What possible connection there is between the two is left unspecified.

Stolberg's charges against the Communists in the C.I.O. are lies, one and all. Members of the C.I.O., as well as the responsible leaders, know that from their own experience. But the Scripps-Howard press is not paying cash for mere denunciations of the Communists at this late date. Stolberg is helping big business in its attempts to smash the C.I.O. The strategy is an ancient one. First you smear a considerable part of the organization as "Red." Then you demand their wholesale expulsion. Since to expel means to split and to violate inner-union democracy, you then smear the whole organization as "Red" because a Red-baiting campaign has not been started. In this very article, Stolberg chides John L. Lewis for not "heaving" the Communists out of the C.I.O. while there is still time.

Why do the Scripps-Howard papers open their columns to a Trotskyite? The New York *World-Telegram* gave a classic answer to this key question in its own editorial build-up for the Stolberg series.

> If the author were president of the United States Chamber of Commerce or the National Association of Manufacturers, we wouldn't think the articles especially significant. But when a well-known radical like Benjamin Stolberg, left-wing plus, and proud of it, sees communism as a sinister, potent, and perhaps deciding force in our American labor movement, we believe what he has to say worth more than usual attention.

Two things emerge from this statement: (1) Stolberg's articles might just as well be signed by the president of the United States Chamber of Commerce or the National Association of Manufacturers; (2) but it's worth capitalist cash because they can give it a "left-wing plus" trade-mark. This is the same kind of work performed by any other stool-pigeon.

Two Down

JUSTICE SUTHERLAND'S resignation from the United States Supreme Court was not unexpected. He was prominently mentioned as slated for departure immediately after Justice Van Devanter's withdrawal. Whether Mr. Roosevelt knew in advance that he would be able to appoint another member to the court within so short a time, it is hard to say; but it does seem clear that the Roosevelt campaign for the liberalization of the Supreme Court must be credited with another victory.

The immediate effect of Justice Sutherland's action is to hand over the majority on the high court to the pro-New Deal members. Mr. Roosevelt is expected to take some time in making his second appointment, and it is likely to be a happier choice than his first. With a safe liberal majority of five justices and two others who vote sometimes with one side and sometimes with the other, there is less reason than ever before for any backsliding in the New Deal legislative program. The track is clear for progressive legislation, though the fundamental need for a complete revision of the Supreme Court's function and authority still remains.

One Thousand for Peace

THE pressure of public opinion upon government policy operated at its best in the presentation last week of a statement on peace by one thousand eminent persons in the professions, church, journalism, and lay organizations of all kinds. The statement, prepared by the Committee for Concerted Peace Efforts, was presented to President Roosevelt, Secretary of State Hull, and each member of both houses of Congress. This newly formed committee is the first organized effort of a number of leading personalities within the National Peace Conference who are at odds with the conference's isolationist program. Among the persons who signed the committee's statement were former Secretary of State Stimson, Professor Wesley C. Mitchell, Samuel McCrea Cavert, general secretary of the Federal Council of Churches, William Green, Frances Gorman, Clarence Hathaway, Bishop Francis J. McConnell, and others.

The statement is notable for its forthright language. In brief, it asserts that (1) "the menace to our peace and prosperity cannot be avoided by a policy of isolation and neutrality"; (2) the peaceful nations "must deny assistance to a treaty violator and withhold means for the consolidation of any subsequent aims"; and (3) "peace is not the problem of a single government, but for the coöperation of all," and the United States should take the leadership "in the development of this coöperation." The committee has avoided the temptation of leaving things just as muddled as before by pussyfooting on the essential issues.

Although no mention was made of the Ludlow amendment, it is obvious that the statement springs from a wholly different approach. Its major concern is with the forces now at work which, permitted to go unchallenged, will surely drag us into war. It puts no faith in an illusory referendum held in the midst of some future crisis. The Ludlow amendment was conceived of as a substitute for present peace action on the assumption that there always is time to vote ourselves out of war. The Committee for Concerted Peace Action proposes a program that would keep us out of war tomorrow by helping to keep war out of the world today. There is a fundamental clash of principles involved. We take our stand with the one thousand signers.

After Teruel

THE battle of Teruel is over. Or perhaps it would be more exact to say, the second battle of Teruel is over. The whole engagement took little more than three weeks. On December 15, the loyalists began their surprise offensive under extremely difficult conditions. Within three days, the city was encircled. On December 29, the loyalists' advance guard stormed the city's outer defenses. The center of the city fell, but about six thousand insurgent troops and refugees still remained in heavily fortified buildings. Then began the slow work of occupation; meanwhile, Franco ordered a general counter-attack in a desperate effort to save the city.

On December 28, the insurgents stormed

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the heights on the outskirts of Teruel, capturing a number of important positions. But never did the insurgents come within three miles of the city itself. For a number of days, however, the insurgents suffered terrific losses in furious attacks; each side claimed gains but eventual victory was uncertain. The rebels launched their greatest drive on December 29. After a day and a half, a loyalist victory was assured when the rebels shot their bolt in an assault upon a high hill dominating the city called La Muela.

Meanwhile, the insurgents still in Teruel itself were being cleaned out, house by house, until no means of escape remained except through underground passages. On January 7, two thousand insurgents surrendered, coming out into the open with hands held aloft. Next day the remainder, six thousand in all, came out, including Bishop Anselmo Polanco Fonseca of Teruel. "I am very happy," said the bishop, "to testify that since my evacuation from the seminary of Teruel to the station of Mora de Rubielos, I have been treated with every consideration and have been given everything my heart desired." On January 11, the loyalists recaptured La Muela and began to fortify all positions overlooking the city against future counter-attacks. They intend to make Teruel impregnable.

Dispatches from Spain put increasing emphasis on dissension within the insurgent ranks. Readers of NEW MASSES will remember James Hawthorne's predictions on this score three weeks ago. Franco will go into eclipse, actual if not formal, and the Italo-German invaders will take over supreme command, without camouflage. This, in turn, will lead the truly Spanish forces on the rebel side into eventual disaffection. One indication that this analysis is well-founded was the surrender of more than two hundred Navarese troops at La Muela. The dispatches said that they were tired of fighting their fellow Spaniards.

The Chinese Scene

LAST week we described the changes in the Chinese government as a definite, but somewhat limited, expression of more profound changes among the people. Further information seems fully to confirm this view. At a dinner held in Hankow on January 5, the principal speakers were Shao Li-tse, a member of the presidium of the Central Executive Committee of the Kuomintang; Shen Chung-chou, of the National Salvation Association; and Chou En-lai of the Chinese Communist Party.

Of similar import is the publication of China's first Communist daily newspaper in Hankow. It is called the *New China Daily* (Sin Hua Jih Pao) and the first issue appeared on January 10.

The Chinese leaders present at the January 5 dinner had no illusions about the critical state of the military situation. The Japanese war machine has cracked the Chinese first line of defense, albeit at great cost. The invaders now need to consolidate their gains while simultaneously pushing farther into the interior. A disunited China might still offer great resistance to the second phase of the invasion, but the likelihood of success would be small. China unified is something else again.

As predicted, Japanese economy is showing distinct signs of strain preliminary to serious dislocations. The war is now six months old, and the effects of the effort involved in it were expected to make themselves felt at this time. Three things have contributed to this internal strain in Japan: the fundamentally unsound economic structure, the world boycott, and the recession in business activity here and abroad. The boycott is so important because it hastens the eventual breakdown inherent in Japan's feet-of-clay economy. American mills ordered nearly 50 percent less raw silk last month than in the same month of 1936. If this cut in buying can be extended and broadened to include other imports as well, friends of peace will indeed have something to boast about.

Mr. Zanuck Is Dined

NEW YORK'S musty old Union Club was the scene of an interesting event last week when Darryl F. Zanuck, head of 20th Century-Fox pictures, was dined in state by Winthrop W. Aldrich, head of the Chase National Bank, in the company of a number of the more important Wall Street buccaneers. Such goings-on, as Hollywood's daily *Variety* observed, are without parallel in movie history. Nor can they be attributed to Mr. Zanuck's having blood any bluer than that of other movie-makers.

Mr. Zanuck is chiefly distinguished for three things: for having got his start by writing a novel which was published by a soap manufacturer in return for Mr. Zanuck's mentioning the soap in question on every page of his book; for having been almost individually responsible for smashing the Screen Writers' Guild in 1936 (now fully recovered) by a clever company-union maneuver; and for being a very dynamo of ruthless energy, which has placed his company second only to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer in the few years of its existence.

Now Wall Street has been wrapping its tentacles more and more firmly around the movie industry, but its control is still marred by a lack of the smooth absolutism that prevails, for example, in steel, railroads and electricity. Efforts in the past to plant Wall Street men in movies have come to grief as that bumptious industry has proved somehow resistant to factory methods. The lesser evil would appear to be to take to its breast some such man as Zanuck. Because Wall Street is determined to take over completely.

The Case of Meyerhold

THEY never tire of it, these professional defamers of the Soviet Union. Once it was Shostakovich, in music. Then it was Eisenstein, in the movies. Now it is Meyerhold, in the theater. In each of these cases, realistic criticism of the artist, meted out in public, has been maliciously represented as "destruction" of the artist. In the cases of Shostakovich and Eisenstein, the criticism applied to them proved salutary. Though Meyerhold's case differs in some respects, the principle is the same.

The Meyerhold Repertory Theater has been ordered dissolved for reasons which became plain several years ago. Meyerhold, now over sixty, originally introduced stylistic innovations into his productions that were received with great sympathy. Unfortunately, he then ceased to make progress, finally developing a rigid formalism which distorted whatever he touched, especially the Russian classics. His actors were required to do stunts rather than character analysis; so one by one they left him. His stage trickery had less and less to offer; so the Soviet public shunned his theater.

This retrogression was recognized many months ago, but nothing more was done about it except that Meyerhold was criticized. And Meyerhold himself delivered a lecture in Leningrad, about a year and a

FACTS ABOUT THE U.S.S.R. — VII
Capital Investments in National Economy

During the four years preceding the First Five-Year Plan (1924-28), capital investments constituted 11.1 billion rubles. During the four years of the First Five-Year Plan (1929-32) 52.1 billion rubles were invested in national economy. During the four years of the Second Five-Year Plan (1933-36), capital investments amounted to 117.1 billion rubles. The total volume of capital investments in national economy during the period of 1924 to 1936 amounted to 180.3 billion rubles, in prices of the respective years.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

half ago, entitled "Meyerhold against Meyerholdism," in which he castigated followers who had driven his original ideas into sterile channels. This tentative self-criticism however resulted in no improvement in Meyerhold himself, perhaps because of his age. As a result, his was the only Soviet theater to which tickets had to be handed out free. The state financed him for a long time, despite all criticism, but finally there was nothing to do but allot his funds to more fruitful projects.

This does not mean that Meyerhold has been "destroyed." Shostakovich, whose work was severely criticized two years ago, presented his *Fifth Symphony* this year to enthusiastic acclaim. Eisenstein, who was likewise criticized, is completing another picture.

What it does mean is that artists, like other people, may become sterile or harmful. They are then subject to criticism like anybody else, especially by their ultimate critics, their audiences, who vote by their absence or presence. In the cases of Shostakovich and Eisenstein, the criticism resulted in superior work. It is upon this principle that action was taken against Meyerhold.

Sweatshop Owners on Parade

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S fighting Jackson Day speech against the monopolists received able documentation by the monopolists themselves, in testimony before the Senate Unemployment and Relief Committee. The hearings are providing a close-up view of the workings of the big capitalist's mind, of his attitude toward labor, and of his general qualifications to run the country.

A good example is Mr. William S. Knudsen, president of General Motors, who recently ordered thirty thousand workers laid off. Mr. Knudsen made no difficulties about admitting that he was solely responsible for throwing these thirty thousand men out of work. He confessed himself completely baffled as to why General Motors's sales had dropped 50 percent in November, but agreed with Senator Lodge that the "government's attitude"—the efforts of the administration to put into effect the New Deal policies which the country has overwhelmingly endorsed—had created a psychology of fear. "But . . . you will admit that nothing could do more to restore confidence than your reëmployment of these men?" he was asked. "I don't know that I could admit that," he replied, "but I have to admit that your argument is fair."

With Mr. Knudsen, however, it was not a question of arguing ultimate effects. General Motors's sales were dropping. True, its surplus was $50,000,000 more than in 1936, and the drop in sales had been preceded by an 2½ percent increase in the prices of its cars. But the increase in prices had nothing to do with the drop in sales. Mr. Knudsen could not tell what caused the drop, nor what could be done about it. Nor was Mr. Lammot duPont, who delivered the "let us alone" keynote speech at the recent National Association of Manufacturers convention, more helpful. To put three million people to work, he said, it would be necessary to invest $25,000,000,000, and the senators naturally asked what he would propose. "I do not like to sit here and tell you gentlemen what to do. I have never sat in Congress at all," was the bland reply. He was definitely, for one thing, dispelling "this fog of uncertainty" that hangs over business, by which he meant tax relief for the big corporations. And, of course, wrecking the Wagner Labor Relations Act. That would help, too.

The propaganda machine of capitalism builds these big employers up into figures of sages and giants. Yet when they are questioned as to the operation of the system, they have not a spark of illumination to offer, no a forward-looking idea. Millions read the testimony of these big capitalists, in which they profess their utter inability to tell what has happened, what has caused the recession, how to cure it. Through their own testimony they emerge as simply the overlords of vast sweatshops, with no more than a sweatshop owner's understanding of the economic and political forces that operate in the system they control. And that helps, too, in steeling the determination of the people that these overlords of industry shall not be allowed much longer to manipulate the lives of millions of workers.

"I warned you five months ago about turning up rocks. Maybe it was you who discovered Benjamin Stolberg."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FORSYTHE'S PAGE

Bei Mir Bist Du Schön

THE picture I have of myself may be affected slightly by the angle from which I have made my observations, but I think it may be agreed generally that I am a gay and charming fellow, a trifle on the stout side. At parties I am a bit given to galloping when I might better be engaged in paying rapt attention to the words of my hostess; aside from several minor cases of trampling, however, nothing has come of this but an air of gaiety greatly needed in this tragic world. On the convivial side I am no Puritan, being an individual who will take a drink with any man and under pressure will even buy one on my own account, but I have never been accused of drunkenness except by my family. With no prompting whatever I am agreeable to bouncers, head waiters, and doormen. The very most that can be said against me is that I will give forth a modest hiss at the mention of the word "Trotsky," but this is purely a reflex action and the same result may be had by waving Max Eastman in front of a bull. In the presence of old ladies I am consistently kind and considerate, particularly if they are book reviewers, and among the college generation I am affectionately known as Forsythe, King of Shag. In the face of this one might imagine that life would be a constant round of fun and accomplishment for me, but in truth I am a sad man. I am not loved.

Naturally I am not referring to the physical aspects of affection, because in this field I still reign supreme, but rather to those psychical and mental amalgams which unite men one to the other and constitute what is sometimes known as the Good Life. The friends I have lost in the last year, you wouldn't know. Never again will I have lunch with Mr. James T. Farrell and Mr. Edward Dahlberg, two gentlemen with fulminating natures and vitriolic opinions about literature. At the conclusion of a noontide seance it was invariably the practice of my exasperated associates to wind up with one climactic blast of denunciation. "Shakespeare?" they would cry and then, after putting the forefingers firmly to the nose, they would make a down motion of the arm and shout "Pfooie!" "Tolstoi; pfooie!" "Galsworthy; pfooie! pfooie! and *stinko!*" By this time I was making my way out of the restaurant in a manner calculated to show all onlookers that I had certainly not come in with two such persons, but in view of Mr. Farrell's present state of steady irritation I keep longing for the old great days of falling roofs and sharp quick flashes of lightning. When I meet Jim Farrell on the street now, we begin at a distance of half a block away to talk about what Big Ed Walsh would do to the hitters of today. This takes approximately three-quarters of a minute's time and we part without my hearing anything about Shakespeare, Tolstoi, or even Granville Hicks. I am sure that Mr. Farrell does not love me, and I know that I no longer love Mr. Farrell unless under the biblical theory of Whom the Lord Loveth He Chasteneth, and despite all evidence to the contrary, I am not God nor am I good at punishment.

But if this is harrowing I have even more tristful tidings to report: I have been snubbed by the editors of the *Nation*. Not the high-up editors, I must admit, but very nice sub-lady, I mean lady sub-editors. This wounds me exceedingly because from the day when I was eight and was delivering orders for a woman named Greer who operated a Larkin's Soap Club, I have loved the *Nation*. I kept it hidden under the mattress with my Horatio Algers and Nick Carters, and I could scarcely wait from week to week to find out what James Greenleaf Whittier had to say about Harriet Beecher Stowe and whether Tony the Hero was still in the well. Being snubbed by the editors of the *New Yorker* is a pleasure, and I have been suffused with joy on several occasions; but the lady sub-editors of the *Nation* who treat me in this way surely have no idea what they are doing. They are breaking my heart.

My heart is so firmly set on love not only because this is the holiday season, and I invariably go soft for a month at this juncture, but because I have lately been admonished by a friend in the Middle West about the bitterness and destructiveness of our radical writers. She feels that Malraux is the only one to whom she can cling for the uplift and ennoblement she craves. Speaking for myself, I know of nothing I would rather be than another Malraux, and I very much doubt that the presence or absence of love makes the difference in our writings, but I am not so foolish as to throw away an advantage like that. If love will do it, I want love, and I find that love evades me.

I am aware that my friend is speaking of the love that should come, for example, from me, but I simply can't love people who hate me, and I couldn't write in an ardent vein even if it means the conversion of Mr. George Sokolsky to the Cause. In fact, at this point of my development, I can't write about Mr. Sokolsky at all because I am waiting for a few additional facts and haven't got my temper under control. I never write until I am entirely calm and feel a surge of genius coming over me. As I think back over it, love seems to have nothing whatever to do with it, but if love will help, love I will have or someone will take an awful beating.

No one need think that I haven't tried to alter my ways. Upon being told that a good revolutionary should possess all the virtues of an early Christian martyr, I operated on the assumption for a solid week, stopping only when friends who lived on Eleventh Street near Fifth Avenue began going home by way of Staten Island, New Jersey, and back by the Holland Tunnel to avoid passing me on the street. When I smiled upon reading an attack on me by Herschel Brickell, my friends took it for hypocrisy, and Mr. Brickell, if he had known, would undoubtedly have taken it as an insult. On several occasions when I turned the other cheek, I not only got smacked on it but kicked from the rear for good measure. During those historical seven days, I lost the affection of nine intimate associates and was publicly denounced as a moron by a man who had never loved me in the first place. For a time my life was despaired of. My writing became as muddy as the reasoning of John Dewey; I began to pay my back bills; I would have suffered a fate worse than death, to wit, have joined the Douglas Social Credit Group if I could have found Gorham Munson's name in the phone book.

What saved me was a letter a friend of mine received from a friend of hers in Shanghai. It seemed that the Shanghai lady was extremely annoyed with the Chinese. Not content with making a face-saving show in Shanghai with a few thousand troops, the foolish people had insisted on resisting the Japanese until the very last. It had made things uncomfortable in the International Settlement and had practically ruined the fall social season. Even worse had been the incident of Patricia's coming-out gown. There had been at least half a dozen fittings and the gown was just about to be delivered when a Japanese bomb had struck the house where the seamstress lived with her two children and mother. It had been heartrending to see Patricia fighting back the tears at her party two days later when she was forced to appear in a gown she had previously worn, but everybody had commented upon how brave she was about it.

As a last attempt at the better life I think I shall have to go over to China and talk with the lady. I am sure I can uplift her. With all pleasure I will elevate her to the highest peak in Shanghai and push her off. After that I can return to my normal status of a happy, bitter old man.

ROBERT FORSYTHE.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Peach Orchard

By Robert G. Duncan

Mr. Duncan's first sketch of Bert appeared in the NEW MASSES *of December 21, 1937, as "Notes from Arkansas."*—EDS.

NEAR Bert's shack there is a large orchard. In it there are nine hundred and fifty acres of peach trees and three hundred and ninety acres of apple trees. We shall skip the apples and "apple culture."

The orchard, which is owned by "seventeen millionaires from Nebraska," in other words by seventeen wealthy men who are absentee landlords, is only seven years old. Bert has watched it grow up and has been struck by the mass of beauty that it presents to the eye each spring and fall. She has also been struck by other phenomena that the orchard has presented to her eyes and to her feelings.

In the fall of 1935, the orchard produced its first real crop of peaches. To get a modern orchard like this one—a "cultured" orchard, so to speak—to behave itself and produce peaches that are good enough for the world market, a tremendous amount of work has to be done. The earth has to be cultivated and fertilized, and the trees have to be sprayed. And human beings, who, as physiological organisms, are made up of tissues of one sort and another, are notoriously susceptible to certain kinds of poisonous substances. Among these poisonous substances are arsenic and lead. And arsenic and lead are used to spray peach trees—peach trees that bear fruit which human beings relish and therefore eat.

In the winter and spring of 1935, Bert's "men folks" worked in the orchard "off and on," as did also the men folks of many other families who reside in Bert's community. When the first spraying was done, the "seventeen millionaires" were not very particular. Perhaps they did not yet know their business. In any event, the men who did the spraying, including Bert's men folks, worked without protection against either the fumes from the spray or winter weather. The quite natural result was that a large number of the workers became seriously ill with pneumonia.

Into this situation came Dr. Locke of Forrest City. With characteristic insight, he saw the point at once and made bitter complaints to the resident superintendent of the orchard. His intervention resulted in the men's securing cheap raincoats from the company. No masks, however, were issued until 1936. And masks—"maskes," Bert calls them—were not issued until after the pressure of events—and Dr. Locke—had impressed upon the millionaires the probable economic wisdom of issuing them. The workers finally got "maskes" that "look like a hog's nose."

Came the fall of 1935—and a bumper peach crop, the first big crop. Came also—"from everywhere," as Bert puts it—hundreds of people, male and female, to pick peaches. Whole families came, Bert says, and she estimates that sixteen hundred persons worked in the orchard during the picking season.

Now what I am driving at is that all—or very nearly all—of these people, including a great many residents of the community, were poisoned. They were poisoned because, as pickers will do, they ate what they picked. Anyone who has ever picked fruit will understand.

After the pickers had picked—and eaten—for some time, there developed among them a rather unpleasant "mouth disease," and pretty soon everybody had it, including Bert's husband and her two sons. Not only were the victims' mouths afflicted but also the membranes of the throat. So bad did the oral condition become that more than one-third of a victim's face, around the mouth, became a festering sore, and when the victim would try to eat, blood would ooze out over his lips.

To find what was causing the malady, workers went to the company doctor who, Dr. Locke once told the orchard superintendent, "is too dumb to go to hell if the gates were open." That estimable scientist assured his patients that it was "the fuzz on the peaches" that had caused the sores. That the patients stop eating the company's property and work harder.

Bert, not at all satisfied with the opinion of the company's hired man, "carried" her boys down to Forrest City and consulted good old Dr. Locke. (Jim, Bert's husband, is one of her "boys.")

Dr. Locke "done my boys' mouths so much good" that many more afflicted workers went to consult him. And he "done good" to all who visited him; but he did not cure them. He knows, all too well, that he did not cure them—and could not. In fact, he told the patients what had happened to them, and he tried to induce them to go to Hot Springs and "take them sweats to sweat the poison out of their systems."

Several of Bert's neighbors who "have the money"—"one hundred dollars for two weeks"—have gone to Hot Springs and have come back in pretty good shape. But Bert's boys, who are not in funds, have not been sweated out. So ever since the fall of 1935, they have been "sick."

"This summer," said Bert, "before I came over here, Albert was so weak at times he could hardly go at all. And all three of the boys have weak spells and cold sweats very often. They tremble and like to faint. . . . All that worked in the orchard any length of time is in the same shape."

In pampering their peaches, the millionaires have to hire men to put a certain kind of "fertilizer" in, or on, the ground under the trees, "two tablespoons full to the tree." (Peach trees are very delicate.) In 1933, when the orchard was still a baby, men learned about this fertilizer from it. For example, Bert's husband's hands were terribly "eat'n" by the stuff, which, "if it gets in y'r shoes, eats like eat'n cancer." One of Bert's "door neighbors" was so badly eaten that he had to go to a veterans' hospital at Memphis three times. And Bert's husband's hands "never have been right since." No wonder that there was an interval of time when the company "couldn't get nobody to put it out."

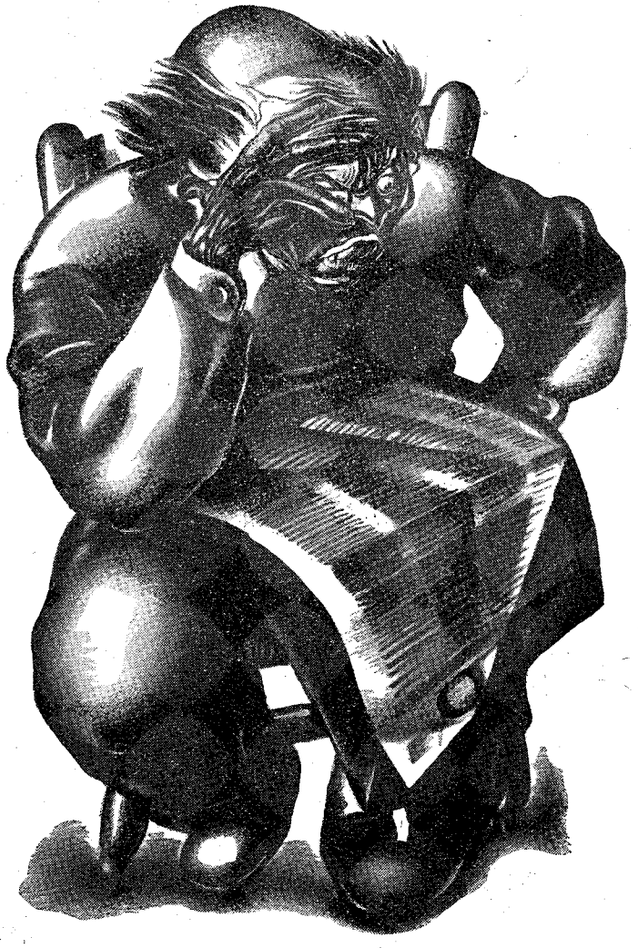
Once while Jim was "putt'n' out" the fertilizer, he brought some of it home and put it in one of Bert's empty snuff boxes, intending to "put it out" the following day. He was careful to hide the box away behind a rafter. As luck would have it, however, Bert was making biscuits on that very evening, and she found, to her consternation, that there wasn't any baking powder left in the shack. She began snooping around, and as she snooped, she espied the snuff box, which she supposed to be empty. On a hunch, however, she pulled it out of its hiding place, and took off the cover. Seeing that the can contained something that looked like baking powder, she lifted it to her nose and smelled. Instantly, she collapsed, and for three days thereafter she lay in a coma. Now she says that she has "never bin jest right" since. She thinks that the fumes from the fertilizer did as much harm to her "remembrance" as did her pellagra.

Something peculiar happened when the orchard was a wee, wee baby. In order to get fruit that is at all fit for milady to consume, it is necessary to cut back the original trees, or shoots, and graft into the stubs pieces of wood that will in time grow up, blossom out, and produce what is wanted. Such a job the seventeen millionaires had done, but instead of getting what they wanted, namely luscious Albertas, throughout the orchard, they got a lot of trees, about one-third of the total, Bert says, that brought forth, not Albertas, but rather large yellowish, or whitish, peaches. Now people who live in cities just don't take to large yellowish or whitish peaches, and the seventeen millionaires yearn to please people who live in cities. So each fall they send workers through the orchard and have them spray those large yellowish or whitish peaches. Forthwith, the peaches take on a color that Bert describes as the "pirtiest pink." They are even "pirtier" than are the peaches that God colors. And while the workers operate their spraying machines, they now wear, although they once did not wear, their "cheap raincoats" and the "maskes" that "look like a hog's nose." It is a fairly safe assumption that they don't wear the "maskes" just for the fun of it.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE HOARDER

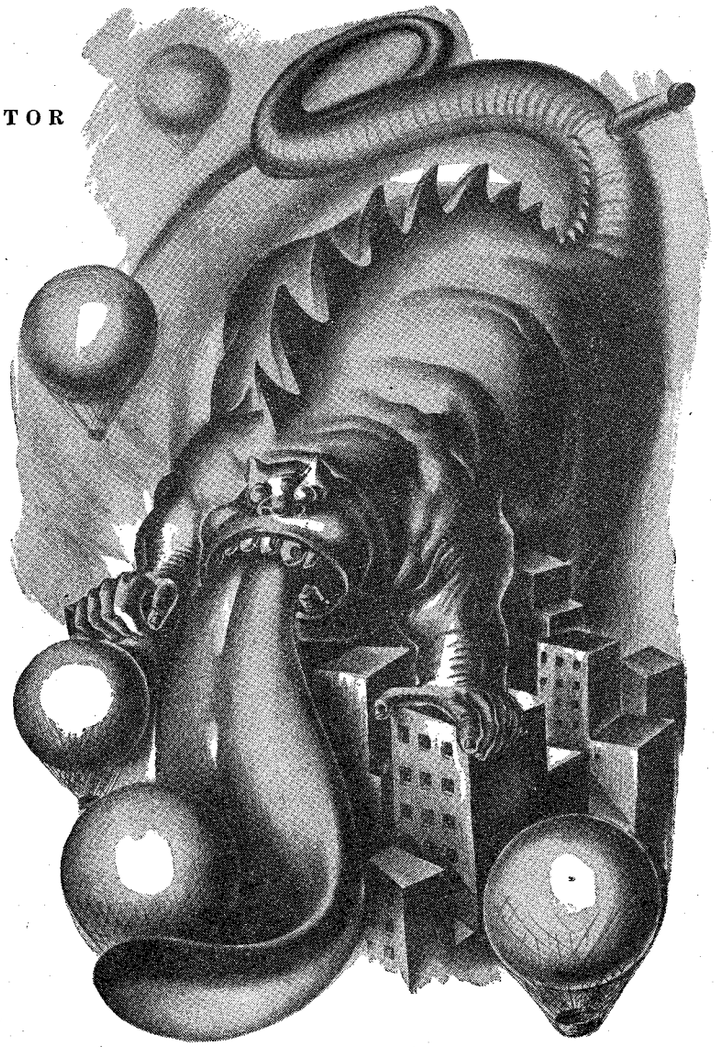
THE SPY



THE PESSIMIST

THE RUM

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LATOR

THE TROTSKYITE

ONGER

Enemies of the People of Spain

SIX POSTERS BY PUYOL

THESE posters, distributed throughout loyalist Spain by the Ministry of Education, represent one phase of the varied work of the Socorro Rojo Internacional, the Spanish International Labor Defense. The S.R.I. runs hospitals, children's homes, schools, first-aid stations, and sanitation information bureaus, and delivers mail to the various fronts, working directly through the Ministry of War. Political cartoons by Puyol have appeared in the NEW MASSES before. He is the staff artist of the Communist daily in Barcelona, *Frente Rojo*.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Nazis in the Company Unions

By Earl McCoy

ON the surface, Reading, Pa., is a typical, medium-sized, American industrial city. Its mills manufacture 10 percent of the nation's entire hosiery output. Its laboring population is mainly German-American, as other cities of the same type are Swedish-American or Polish-American.

Four years ago or so, Reading took a turn for the worse. There began to evolve a new sort of company-union vigilanteism, one containing the bad features of its predecessors, besides a new factor more ominous than all the rest. It is a dirty, sordid story, and so foul did the smell become that the National Labor Relations Board took a hand in the situation on No mber 30, 1937. These hearings have filled in a lot of data in an outline already well-known to insiders. There is even more to come, especially when the LaFollette Civil Liberties Committee steps in, as it surely will.

Four years ago, there was formed the Berkshire Employees' Association, an out-and-out company union in the $20,000,000, 23-acre plant of the Berkshire Knitting Mills, largest manufacturer of full-fashioned silk hosiery in the world. That was before the C.I.O., before the Wagner Act, before the Mohawk Valley Plan, before the so-called "back-to-work" movement. The company union was but part of a larger movement. Different parts of the same vigilante front came to be known as the Citizens' National Committee, the Constitutional Education League, the Law and Order League, and that clearing house for company unionism, the Independent Federation of Labor. It began in Reading, but it moved across Pennsylvania into Hershey, to Elkland, and into Johnstown.

The Reading brand of labor-terrorism is far the most virulent because of an additional political factor. That factor is Nazi infiltration, even leadership, in the vigilante movement. The large German-speaking population led the Nazi agents in America to concentrate their efforts here. This active fascist element served to inflame and intensify the other sources of vigilanteism. The company union in Reading has far wider ramifications than simply the open shop. It is the open door to fascism, made in Germany, for sale in the United States.

FRED WERNER, president of the Berkshire Employees' Association, was on the stand for eight days at the N.L.R.B. hearings. He revealed that this company union was not confined to the Berkshire plant. It regularly communicated with a dozen other company unions and "citizen committees." It interchanged experiences and opinions on strike-breaking and "back to work" plans. It distributed anti-union pamphlets to the workers. And it has direct tie-ups with the American Liberty League and the National Association of Manufacturers.

Back in 1933, the Berkshire Employees' Association was formed to forestall a county-wide strike of the hosiery workers. Most of the mills in Berkshire county signed union agreements with the American Federation of Hosiery Workers. But not the Berkshire Knitting Mills, the most important. All it agreed to do was abide by the terms of the N.R.A. code for the industry as a whole.

John Heliker

"According to my plan we can do away with Congress, elections, labor unions, strikes, free speech, and still not have fascism. Of course, I haven't ***worked out all the details.***"

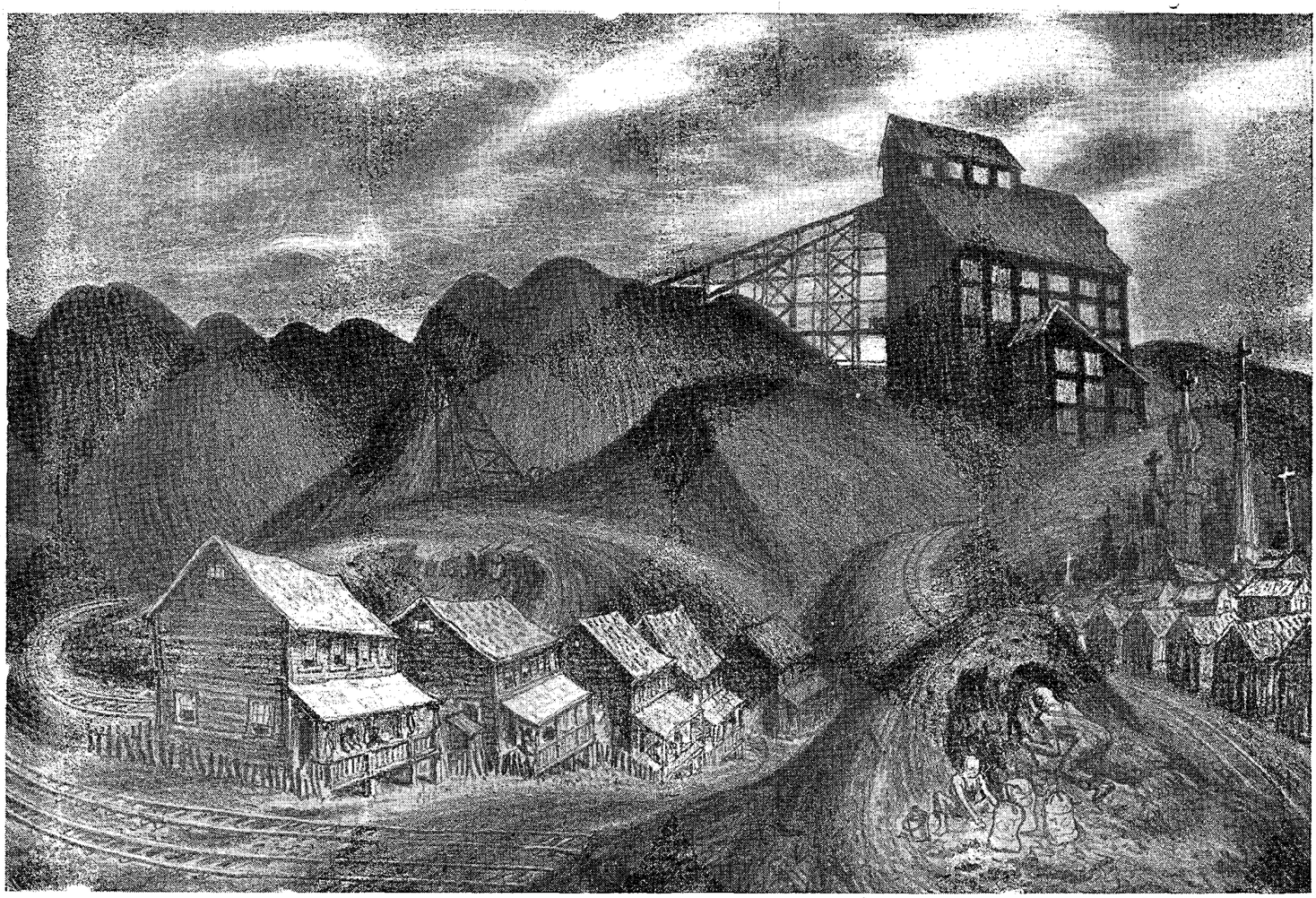
Then came the period of chiseling away at the code provisions, at least of those displeasing to the employers. Another great unionization drive got under way, but it took some time to hit the Berkshire plant. In November 1936, the workers at the Berkshire Knitting Mills went out on strike. They are still out. One feature of the strike was the "lie-down" strategy of girl pickets. Scores of them lay down in the snow outside the plant; scabs had to tread on them to enter and some, be it said, stayed out. It was this strike which brought the N.L.R.B. to Reading. But what came out of the hearings was much more than the story of a single strike.

Werner, the company-union chief, identified correspondence between himself and the Constitutional Education League, with headquarters in New Haven, on the subject of disseminating literature against the C.I.O. and communism. The literature in question was supposed to rebaptize the C.I.O. as the "Communist International Organization." A letter from the Independent Chocolate Workers, company union at the big Hershey plant, invited the Berkshire Employees' Association to attend the "first national convention of independent labor." This Independent Federation of Labor, intended as a holding-company of the company unions, died a sudden death when the C.I.O. began to tell the truth about the "model community" owned by Milton S. Hershey. Werner, it turned out, accepted the invitation, but the convention was never held.

Werner also had some correspondence with William D. Rawlings, executive secretary of the Realty Advisory Board of New York, active in the drive against last year's strike of building-service employees. Rawlings supplied Werner with the copy of a book called *Improved Labor Relations* and gave him permission to reprint articles on the necessity of "regulating" labor unions. Samuel G. Zack, counsel for the N.L.R.B., introduced evidence proving that the *Hosiery Examiner,* which actually reprinted the articles, was published for the Berkshire company by the Railway Audit & Inspection Co., one of the largest and most notorious of the "industrial service" agencies. Such is the tie-up between the largest hosiery mill in the country, its company union, the Realty Advisory Board of the largest city in the United States, and one of the biggest plug-ugly, anti-labor outfits.

Werner also exchanged letters with J. A. Frissell, secretary of the Remington-Rand company union. These expressed the "pressing need" for forming a national organization "to stem the tide of these old reactionary unions." Again Werner accepted an invitation, this time from Frissell, to attend a meeting of "all independent employees' associations" at Elmira, N. Y., on July 30 last.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Coal Mining Town

Lithograph by Harry Sternberg

Some financial sidelights are supplied by correspondence between Werner and Don Kirkley, founder of the American Citizens' Council, a vigilante outfit in the farm belt. "We need cash badly right now," wrote Kirkley. "In a few weeks, after we get rolling, we will have plenty, but the kitty ought to have five or six thousand in it as fast as possible to pay the costs of getting out a lot of literature." In pursuit of a fat kitty, Kirkley followed up with this query: "Have you taken up the question of cash with your company, or would you prefer for me to do that?" Finally, he got around to asking Werner to get the Berkshire Knitting Mills "to send me five hundred or a thousand dollars." Among other things, Kirkley informed Werner, in response to the latter's suggestion, that the word "vigilante" had been removed from his council's "manifesto." They had substituted "militant."

WHO IS BEHIND this company union which takes upon itself such ambitious, far-flung projects?

The influences can best be traced through three people. One is Fritz Kuhn, the official Führer of the American branch of the Nazi Party. Another is Hugo Hemmerich, general manager of the Berkshire Knitting Mills. The third is Henry Janssen, owner of the mills.

Hemmerich is an ardent Nazi. He makes periodic trips to Germany for conferences with Nazi leaders in the "fatherland." He was in Germany when the N.L.R.B. opened its hearings. The Board refused to postpone its work to permit him a leisurely return so he had to make a hurried trip across the Atlantic.

Behind Hemmerich stands Henry Janssen, seventy-two-year-old industrial magnate, born in Germany and also a firm believer in Nazi principles. He owns mills, factories, banks, utilities, and a stock security corporation. It is significant that Janssen and Hemmerich organized their company union in July 1933, just a few months after the Nazis came to power in Germany.

Kuhn is the behind-the-scenes political manipulator. He commands the Nazi organization with its uniformed storm troopers, its reserve corps, its women's auxiliary, its weekly drills, its *deutsche Tage*. The Nazis are stronger in Reading than in near-by Philadelphia, though the latter's population is twenty times larger. In the official Nazi newspaper, *Deutsche Weckruf und Beobachter,* published in Philadelphia, the activities of the Reading section occupy far more space than those of the Philadelphia branch.

One reason for this special attention to Reading is the large German-American population in the hosiery town. The other is that Reading has been chosen by the Nazis as their entering wedge into active capital-labor relations in this country.

Fritz Kuhn is using the Berkshire Employees' Association, creature of his friends Hemmerich and Janssen, for this penetration. He made no idle boast when recently he declared his intention to organize American workers to combat genuine unionism. It is not generally known that the Amerika-Deutsche Volksbund held a convention in New York City last July at which several interesting committees were set up in secret meetings at the Hotel Biltmore. One committee was commissioned to organize "trade unions" against the existing trade-union movement. The committee brought in a report that the Nazi movement in the United States, in order to exist, has to fight organized labor for the people who are financing it.

It is the National Labor Relations Board's purpose, according to counsel Zack, to compel the dissolution of the Berkshire company union. That would be a striking blow against the Nazi movement here. But meanwhile there are wider ramifications of the Nazi control of this company union left untouched by the labor board. It is to be hoped that the Senate Civil Liberties Committee will go on from here when it gets the National Association of Manufacturers on the stand next week.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

READERS' FORUM

More on Hate

TO THE NEW MASSES:

STUYVESANT VAN VEEN'S question about wherein lies the difference between the hate he felt in drawing a Japanese marauder and Bellows's hate in his Hun drawings invites a very simple answer. A person conditioned by capitalism may feel, and therefore hate, in nationalistic terms. Or he may, by a conscientious identification with the working class, transcend his conditioning and hate in class terms. In the latter case, one hates then, not "Huns" or "Japs," but loves the working people of any nationality, and in equal degree hates their exploiters.

In the instance in question, one hates the Japanese fascist imperialists, who are the big bourgeoisie of Japan, and naturally, out of the instinct of self-preservation, profoundly hates whatever human being girds himself up with the arms of the fascists, whoever fires its guns and drops its bombs. But in wars of this era, soldiers who are forced to fight for masters they also hate, often lay down their arms and advance with upraised fists in people's-front salute, and are welcomed by the soldiers on democracy's side with, I imagine, quite wonderful feelings of love.

New York City. EMMETT GOWEN.

A Victory for Progressive Unionism

TO THE NEW MASSES:

A SIGNIFICANT victory for progressive unionism marked the last days of the old year in Los Angeles, where Local 47 of the American Federation of Musicians dislodged from office a do-nothing administration which had been entrenched for fifteen years. The progressives won eight out of twelve seats on the board, and elected as president forward-looking Jack B. Tenney, who, as a first-term member of the California state legislature, has already distinguished himself there for his forthright campaigning for progressive principles. An important aspect of the progressives' victory in this second-largest local of the A.F.M. was that a thousand more members participated in the recent election than did so the year before, which indicates a striking elevation in the trade-union consciousness of the membership as a result of a determined educational campaign among the rank and file.

The members of the new administration are expected, when they assume office this month, to take immediate steps to wipe out any division of the local into progressive and conservative blocs, and to create a solid, unified structure which will enable them to counter successfully the wage-cutting in many local dance-halls, which the outgoing administration countenanced. The constant growth of Hollywood into the nation's radio capital and the threat of general retrenchment in the movie studios also present problems with which only a fighting, progressive union can cope.

This progressive victory assumes special importance for labor as a whole because of the increasing virulence of the open-shop drive in southern California. The police frame-up of a local C.I.O. official which I described in these pages two weeks ago was part of the open-shop drive. Another was the declaration last week by Burton Fitts, District Attorney of Los Angeles County, that he sees it as part of his job to maintain the open shop. (The regional office of the C.I.O. exposed him prettily on this by dumping in his lap the case of a firm which was refusing to hire workers unless they joined its company union; Fitts lamely referred the cast to a subordinate.)

Still another phase of the drive is the organization of Southern Californians, Inc., which has come out for the right of the worker to work when he pleases, to join unions, to bargain collectively, but under no circumstances to seek the closed shop.

And then there is the Neutral Thousands, ostensibly comprising the "public" who are presumed to be victimized in the crossfire of disputes between capital and labor. Of course, this is another open-shop outfit, specially designed to drive a wedge between the middle class and the labor movement.

To round out the ugly picture, the Los Angeles City Council last week passed a vicious anti-picketing ordinance which forbade any but the employees of a firm against which a "bona-fide" strike is in progress from picketing that firm—and then only to the extent of one picket to every fifty feet.

This measure was vetoed by Mayor Shaw, as a result of joint action by the C.I.O. and A. F. of L. But the mayor followed that up by demanding an "enforceable" ordinance against mass picketing—so the danger remains. In the face of such a full-blown fascist trend, such developments as that in the musicians' unions are a burning immediate need for the Los Angeles labor movement.

Los Angeles. ALFRED O'MALLEY.

Is Poetry Dead?

TO THE NEW MASSES:

WE, of the Poetry Group, welcome your editorial, "Is Poetry Dead?" The Poetry Group is founded on the definite belief that poetry is as alive as anything in the world, and that persons not seeing life in poetry, have no right to see it fully in themselves.

The purpose of the Poetry Group is "to make poetry mean more to more Americans." One of the corollary beliefs of the Poetry Group is that poetry should, even when representative of the Left, not be confusedly ornate, pretentiously intellectual, and "cerebrally" dull.

We have felt that a good work-song or a spiritual was, strictly speaking, more intellectual than something which is an imitative compound of MacLeish, Eliot, Hopkins, with an elusive dash of Marx. We think, moreover, that the NEW MASSES has fallen too readily and too often for some mixture of colons, hard-working imagery, and chewing-gum lifelessness that is impressive all over the place, but can affect the general American less than a Sears-Roebuck catalogue.

We entirely agree with Mr. Albert Shepard of the C.I.O. that poetry has as much of a future to it, as the movies.

We think that even intellectual poetry can have a direct earthiness and a warm forthrightness that somehow will hit people of the kind that comprise the United States census.

We think that it's as new as television.

Further, we think that real poetry is an opponent of that bad formal prose at its worst, which in politics, is fascism. Fascism is against the life of man. Poetry has always been for it. And it can be today, more than ever.

Poetry is rhythm, and rhythm is at the basis of the lives of all men and women. To say that poetry cannot meet some need in the lives of humans is equivalent to saying that rhythm is useless. And we know that rhythm can be used on the picket-line, in a marching song, in a leaflet, in a novel, and in a poem, in such a way, that an idea, otherwise unattractive, permeates the reader and becomes a part of himself and his actions.

Cannot rhythm be used in the anti-fascist cause? And if it can, is that not to admit that poetry can be used to combat Franco, and Girdler, and Weir?

It seems to us that a political idea presented rhythmically, gains in force. In other words—*rhythm is an aspect of power,* including political power. One of the things making the phrase, "Workers of the world, unite" so effective, is its essential rhythm.

Thousands of New Yorkers were thrilled by the refrain of last year's May Day parade—the refrain:

> "Wages up and hours down,
> Make New York a union town."

One of the important reasons that these eleven words, as we ourselves observed, hit joyfully and strongly the ears and minds of some hundreds of thousands of persons on the streets of Manhattan, was the rhythm, or, put otherwise, its poetry.

The popular front needs rhythm in all its implications, in order to combat the profit system in its latest manifestation, the totalitarian state.

The popular front has to become popular. Since the popular front needs poetry, poetry too has to become popular. And it can become popular only when it attains a rich and accurate simplicity and directness.

We are for the highest standards in poetry. Yet we feel that these highest standards are in no way in conflict with a straightforward approach in verse. As we have mentioned, we think that the NEW MASSES has unfortunately sinned in this respect.

We know that there is a possibility of being as delicate as Pater, and, simultaneously, as appealing as "Casey Jones."

MARTHA MILLET,
Secretary, Poetry Group
(For the Executive Committee.)

New York City.

Arrests in Haiti

TO THE NEW MASSES:

NEWS has reached us that the Haitian government has taken advantage of the present situation on the island and ordered the wholesale arrest of prominent Haitians suspected of being in opposition to the regime. Thirty-seven have been arrested already, including Seymour Pradel, former candidate for President of Haiti; P. Thoby, a prominent attorney; Dr. Ricot; Paulius Sanon, former minister of Haiti at Washington; Dr. J. Adam; Alphonse Henriquez, the nationalist leader active in opposing American occupation; Max Hudicour, journalist; the writer, Constant Vieux; Salabat; former Senator Placide David; Justin Sam, the young Haitian author; the attorney, Marc Bauduy; Victor Cauvin, president of the Law School in Haiti; and Louis Mevs, the president of the Taxi Workers' Union. Pierre Paul, representative of Haiti at the Montevideo conference in 1933, former General E. Thezan, and others had been arrested previously.

The lives of these men, including former senators and men prominent in the recent history of Haiti, are in the greatest danger. In 1934 President Vincent, through his chief of protocol, Raoul Rousier, ordered the assassination of these men. This was established at the subsequent trial of Rousier who was arrested after the incident was exposed. He testified, under examination by the attorney-general, that, with Elic Lescot and Frederic Duvigeneaud as accomplices, he had acted according to the instruction of Vincent in his capacity as a confidential official to the President.

Neither must be forgotten the murder of Jolibois-fils in prison two years ago. After Jolibois was stabbed, President Vincent refused to turn the body over to his family. Instead, he brought Jolibois's two young sons from school and forced them, although still minors, to sign a statement relinquishing all claim to the body. These facts should serve to remind Americans of the danger threatening the lives of the men under arrest.

Americans who love freedom and democracy should send protests against the arrest of these innocent men to Elic Lescot, now minister of Haiti at Washington, D. C., to Charles Vincent, consul of Haiti in New York City, and to President Stenio Vincent in Haiti.

New York City. S. JUSTE ZAMOR.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Report on

LISLE STOCKINGS

with ratings of 14 brands

★

What are the "Best Buys" in non-silk hose?
Which brands compare most favorably with silk stockings in appearance and in wearing quality?
How do lisle and rayon hose compare in wearing quality?

These questions are answered in a report in the current (January) issue of *Consumers Union Reports* giving test results on lisle and other non-silk hosiery. More than 14 brands are rated by name as "Best Buys," "Also Acceptable," and "Not Acceptable" on the basis of wear and laboratory tests. There is also a supplementary note on the labor conditions under which these brands are made.

Other reports in this issue cover:

HOME BUILDING and BUILDING MATERIALS. The first of a series of reports intended to supply a "layman's technique" for buying or building a home. If you want the cold facts about home ownership read this report.

STORAGE BATTERIES. This report rates 13 makes of storage batteries for comparative quality, naming those which will get a car going most readily in cold weather.

MEN'S SHIRTS and SHORTS. Of the 14 kinds of broadcloth and madras shorts tested and reported upon in this report only two are rated "Best Buys." Undershirts are also rated.

VITAMINS and COD-LIVER OIL. This report, also the first of a series—deals with vitamins and in particular with Vitamin D and cod-liver oil. The series will attempt to give a summary of what is actually known about vitamins, and to estimate the value of vitamin products.

LIFE INSURANCE. This report—the third in a series which aims to supply a sound basis for judging the value of insurance policies—examines three representative contracts: renewable term, ordinary life, and 20-year endowment.

—o—

To secure a copy of this issue fill out and mail the coupon below. The membership fee of $3 will bring you 12 issues of the *Reports* and, without extra charge, the 1938 250-page Consumers Union Annual Buying Guide which will appear early in 1938 and which will contain ratings of over 1500 products. Membership can be started with the current issue or with any of the following previous issues: JULY — Miniature Cameras, Gasolines, Motor Oils; AUG.-SEPT.—Refrigerators, Films, Ice Cream, Inner Tubes; OCT.—Oil Burners and Coal Stokers, Breakfast Cereals, Auto Radios; NOV.—Life Insurance, Portable Typewriters, Men's Hats; DEC.—1938 Radios, Cigars, Lipsticks, Electric Shavers.

WHAT CONSUMERS UNION IS: Consumers Union of United States is a non-profit, membership organization established to provide ultimate consumers with accurate and disinterested information on the products they use, based on laboratory and use tests by competent technicians. The results of these tests are reported monthly in *Consumers Union Reports,* in most cases with ratings of the products tested by brand name as "Best Buys," "Also Acceptable," and "Not Acceptable." Information is also given on the labor conditions under which products are made. If you cannot afford to spend money unwisely read *Consumers Union Reports.*

—o—

Coming in
FEBRUARY
RATINGS OF THE 1938 AUTOMOBILES

TO CONSUMERS UNION OF U. S.
55 Vandam St., New York, N. Y.
Send me **CONSUMERS UNION REPORTS** for one year (12 issues) starting with the..... issue. I enclose $3 for membership, $2.50 of which is for subscription. I agree to keep confidential all material sent to me which is so designated.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... *Occupation*.....NM-1

CONSUMERS UNION of UNITED STATES

COLSTONE E. WARNE, *President* ARTHUR KALLET, *Director* D. H. PALMER, *Technical Supervisor*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOK REVIEWS

From Addis Ababa to Madrid

TWO WARS AND MORE TO COME, *by Herbert L. Matthews. Carrick & Evans, Inc.* $2.50.

THIS is a very personal narrative of two Italian wars of invasion. Mr. Matthews frankly treats Mussolini's ambitions of empire as the link between his experiences in Ethiopia and his adventures in Spain. It is as a newspaperman (much more youthful than his thirty-seven years) who loves to get away from the desk into the wilds, that the New York *Times* correspondent writes. As adventure, his trip across Dankalia with the Mariotti column, the battle of Ende Gorge, and his dash across the Arganda Bridge in February are bright reading. As journalism, the Italian route at Guadalajara is a high spot. Except for a sketch of the battle of Brihuega and another showing the Italian march through Ethiopia there are no maps, and this is a distinct annoyance in a book of this type.

Matthews is a good newspaperman and an ethical one. His innate sincerity, moreover, often leads him to take up the cudgels for the factual truth. On April 10, 1936, for example, he earnestly cabled from Asmara that Addis Ababa would fall within a month. He was deliberately contradicting a hasty and ill-informed world opinion. Time has proved him correct. From Madrid he has repeatedly cabled information consciously designed to combat the thinly disguised propaganda released by dishonest journalists in rebel territory. Whenever Matthews appears to be pleading a cause, he is merely defending the facts as against misinformation. With Rome and Berlin grinding the rebel propaganda mill, Matthews's one-man struggle for truth has given his work an enormous political importance. His book, notably the chapters dealing with the nature of the Negrin government, the Italian intervention, the role of the Communist Party, the necessity for the elimination of Largo Caballero, and the Trotskyist disruption of the Aragon front, should carry on the work of his *Times* dispatches despite certain glaring faults. The essential facts are there.

NEW MASSES readers who may have speculated on Mr. Matthews's own political opinions will find part of the answer in this book. It is a record of experiences which have left their mark on the correspondent in terms of intellectual growth, not yet ended by any means. In the Ethiopian war he sympathized with the Italians, justifying himself by the argument that he is a "nationalist," who has "no objection to seeing any country better its position in the world." Today his affections are with the Spanish people. Something has happened to him in the interim—and he frankly admits it. "I, like so many other people, am going through an evolution about fascism that must be obtruding through my daily work, as it will into this book." When he writes of the American battalions, he reveals to the reader something he himself may not fully realize: those incomparable anti-fascists have been a major factor in changing his outlook. "They are fighting," he writes, "because they would rather die than see a fascist regime under any shape or auspices installed in the United States." He observed that the American volunteers in Spain were all on one side. This fact no doubt weighed heavily among the new experiences which were altering his estimate of fascism. He sums up his position (in October 1937) as follows:

> There was a time when I was all for it, and I am not convinced yet that it has been a bad thing for Italy. But the export brand of fascism with its link now with Nazism in Germany, however logical, is an ugly thing to behold. Moreover, I should hate to see it exported as far as the United States.

This is a half-way position and it makes for some lack of clarity in his story. He still finds war a great adventure—if only there were no slaughter of non-combatants. If only! And fascism is great stuff in Italy, but the export product fills him with doubts. Murder and aggression are not simply inevitable consequences of war and fascism to him. That view is simply one of the annoying dogmas of leftists and rightists "who had the doubtful advantage of being sure of their convictions."

Matthews is still, as he himself says, something less than an utterly convinced anti-fascist. Yet his work often has a quality that suggests conviction, indignation, purpose. His recent dispatches—perhaps the most brilliant work he has ever done—deliberately and carefully destroyed two weeks of rebel lies about the status of Teruel. In the present state of his opinions, Matthews's fervor is due mainly to sheer journalistic honesty. He is still at his best when making "on the spot" contradictions of phony stories.

JAMES HAWTHORNE.

Recently Recommended Books

Letters from Iceland, by W. H. Auden and Louis MacNeice. Random. $3.
Old Hell, by Emmett Gowen. Modern Age. Cloth, 85c. Paper, 25c.
Madame Curie, by Eve Curie. Translated by Vincent Sheean. Doubleday, Doran. $3.50.
Six Centuries of Fine Prints, by Carl Zigrosser. Covici-Friede. $5.
Young Henry of Navarre, by Heinrich Mann. Knopf. $3.
The Pretender, by Lion Feuchtwanger. Viking. $2.50.
The Flivver King, by Upton Sinclair. United Automobile Workers of America. Also by the author, Pasadena, Cal. 25c.
Ralph Fox: A Writer in Arms, edited by John Lehmann, T. A. Jackson, and C. Day Lewis. International. $1.75.
Labor Agitator, The Story of Albert Parsons, by Alan Calmer. International. 35c.
The Civil War in the United States, by Karl Marx and Frederick Engels. International. $2.50.
C.I.O., by J. Raymond Walsh. Norton. $2.50.
Engels on Capital, translated and edited by Leonard E. Mins. International. $1.25.

Reporters at Capitol Hill

THE WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENTS, *by Leo C. Rosten. Harcourt Brace & Co.* $3.

WHILE *The Washington Correspondents* was by written, the same author, under the name of Leonard Q. Ross, was writing *The Education of H*Y*M*A*N K*A*P*L*A*N.* The joint effort was perhaps too much, for a good deal of the ineffable Hyman Kaplan has crept into the account of the men and women who interpret the doings of government to their constituents.

With Mr. Kaplan, student of the English language in an Americanization school, the touchstone was his lack of command of the language he was studying, plus an incomparable amount of confidence in his ability to know and understand. With Mr. Rosten the touchstone is a pseudo-psychoanalytic method of social analysis after the manner of Prof. Harold Lasswell of the University of Chicago.

To start at the end, Mr. Rosten finds it deplorable that publishers are uncontrolled, that "the ills with which contemporary journalism is afflicted are an integral aspect of our society rather than a disease with an etiology of its own," that American journalism does not have an American Bar Association or an American Medical Association to primp its ethics, and that the news is not free.

With these conclusions few will disagree. But when Mr. Rosten winds up with the suggestion that perhaps the solution lies in the licensing of newspaper owners in the same manner that doctors, pharmacists, and veterinarians are licensed, there are many who will be quick to wonder if Mr. Rosten failed completely to learn the nature of government in the time he spent in Washington gathering material for his book.

In a left-handed manner Mr. Rosten recognizes that newspapers are a part of big business. "Publishing," he says, "has become an enterprise *which is no longer accessible* except to the wealthy." (The italics are his.) Yet a corollary recognition, that newspapers naturally fulfill certain functions as a part of big business, is lacking. That the function of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

newspapers, consciously or unconsciously, is to defend property and speak on behalf of property is not an assumption which Mr. Rosten takes into account. One may more justifiably accept that assumption than the one upon which the book is written, that is, that newspapers at present are part of an on the whole healthy society, with only the necessity for the same measure of regulation that is accorded other public enterprises.

In speaking of the lack of an ethics-formulating body for the publishing fraternity, Mr. Rosten cites the shortcomings of the American Newspaper Publishers' Association and the American Society of Newspaper Editors and remarks, "The American Newspaper Guild has devoted its brief life to the problems of unionization and recognition and has so far indicated no program along personnel lines."

It might be recalled that the organization of the Guild had a rather remarkable effect on the newspapers of Akron in their treatment of the rubber workers' strike in 1936. It might also be recalled that the Guild has done much to make clear to the reading public the stand of certain publishers regarding the question of collective bargaining, and has thereby effectively reduced the validity of the publisher's paper which may profess to be a "true friend of the worker."

While it is true that the American Newspaper Guild makes no attempt to control the nature of the material appearing in news or editorial columns, it is also true that organization of newspaper workers has a tremendous effect on the way in which they see a strike or the way in which they interpret union action. In appreciating his own worker-boss relationship, the newspaper worker is the better equipped to appreciate the worker-boss relationship elsewhere. To dismiss the Guild because it is devoted to unionism is to ignore the effect of property relationships in molding society.

But Mr. Rosten's book is not entirely useless in understanding the Washington correspondents. There are some interesting tables in the appendices. There one learns, for instance, that forty of the one hundred and twenty-seven guinea pigs favor government operation of mines, public utilities, and railroads, while fifty-six are opposed; one learns that forty-six think that "in general news columns are equally fair to big business and labor," while fifty-one think to the contrary; forty have had stories killed, played down, or cut because of policy reasons, while thirty have not; forty-two agree that it is impossible to be objective while twenty-four disagree; fifty-eight are in favor of *a* newspaper guild to improve salaries, contract, and bargain collectively, while thirty-eight are opposed.

As far as the correspondents themselves go, Mr. Rosten finds, 76.3 percent are children of professional, proprietary, or clerical groups, 51.1 percent are between thirty and forty, 49.6 percent come from communities of under 10,000 population, 51.1 percent are college graduates while 18.1 percent had no college education at all; 86.6 percent feel the need of knowing more economics for their job; most are married and of a respectable character though 51.1 percent never go to church and only 9.4 percent go regularly.

To Mr. Rosten's book there has gone much praise, even from liberal organizations which are pleased because he says that the free press is a much overworked myth. It is the first book of its nature and the pioneer always deserves credit, but there is still a great deal of room for a study which will adequately explain and demonstrate the role of the Washington correspondent and his newspaper in a capitalist democracy.

WALLACE MOORE.

Three Novels of Frustration

FINE FLOWERS IN THE VALLEY, *by Donald Wayne. Charles Scribner's Sons.* $2.50.
MORE JOY IN HEAVEN, *by Morley Callaghan. Random House.* $2.50.
THEY CRIED A LITTLE, *by Sonya Schulberg. Charles Scribner's Sons.* $2.50.

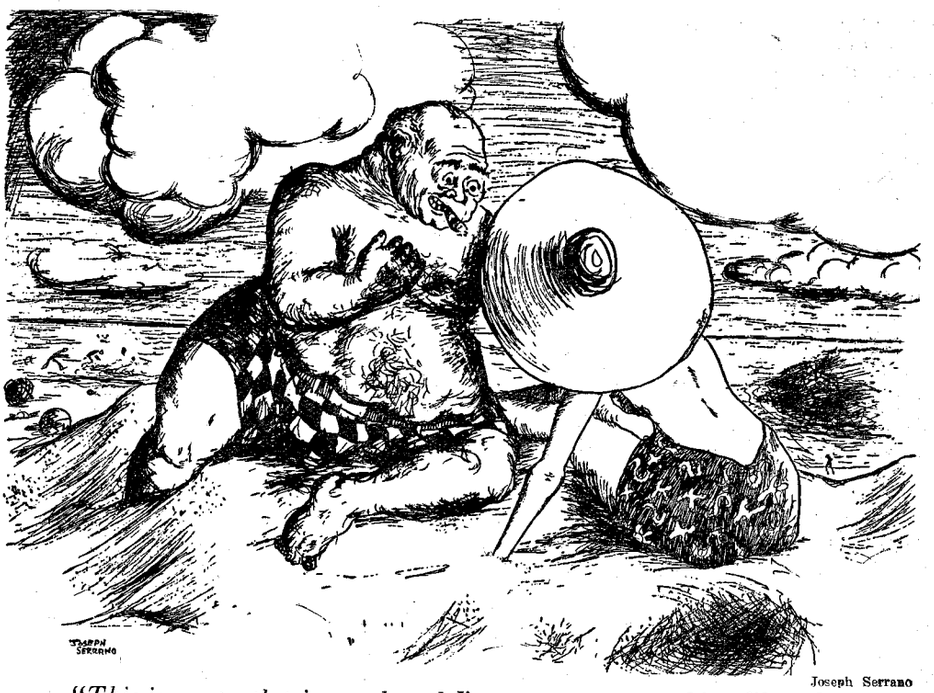
THESE novels are not especially noteworthy as individual achievements, but they are indications of an interesting trend in middle-class fiction: the exploration of personal maladjustment and the effort to trace it to social roots. The main characters are young and frustrated. They don't "belong," not because they suffer from some inherent viciousness but because in different ways they deviate from the rigid pattern of morality imposed upon them by their environment. In each instance this deviation, from the point of view of the novelist and the reader, is a healthy expression of revolt against the norm. Blame is cast on the machinery of society rather than upon individual will.

Donald Wayne's heroine is Jane Whitland, a Brooklyn girl of nineteen, who is arrested for killing her "illegitimate" child. She is acquitted by a jury, but the pressure of public opinion forces her family to send Jane away to stay with relatives in a small town upstate. She is driven from here, too, when her story becomes known. After working as a waitress in a small city restaurant, she returns to New York, where she marries a garage mechanic. As she looks forward to her "legitimate" child, her husband is killed in an auto accident. While the story borders on the melodramatic and the monotonous, it succeeds in translating a familiar newspaper story into human terms which are at times moving.

Morley Callaghan's new novel is about Kip Caley, a notorious bank robber, who reformed in the penitentiary. Here again the newspapers provide the starting point for a tragic narrative. Kip's parole at the end of ten years is the occasion for a big publicity stunt. He returns to his town, writes his autobiography for the papers, is wined and dined by Senator Maclean, his exhibitionistic benefactor. Kip, who had nourished dreams of getting on the parole board and giving criminals a decent break, is dropped by his rich friends as soon as the public becomes bored. He is finally murdered by the police.

Callaghan's novel is not as impressive as some of his earlier work. He alternates between his preoccupation with good and evil abstractly conceived and his concern with the social restrictions on a criminal who tries to come back. The characters do not spring to life in this parable of the modern prodigal son.

Most successful of the three is Sonya Schul-



Joseph Serrano

"This is my tenth trip south and I've never seen anything like what Erskine Caldwell writes about."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

berg's story of a finishing school in Paris. This is a witty and skilfully executed commentary on leisure-class education with its emphasis on what Veblen called "Pecuniary Canons of Taste." Miss Schulberg, who is not yet twenty, saw enough of the hoity-toity life of spoiled adolescents to get completely fed up. One cannot help feeling that she expresses her own views most clearly through Marge, the scholarship student, who grows more and more conscious of the superior healthiness of her own working-class background.

I'll tell you what we are [Marge tells her perfumed and permanented schoolmates]. We're stinking, rotten, blood-sucking leeches on the face of this earth. . . . Our parents wanted it. They want to flaunt us as they flaunt their jewels. They want us smooth and extravagant and ostentatious. . . . They don't care if our faiths are all gone, if our minds are shrunk, if we'll never have a sincere emotion again. . . . I see us as a sick growth on the top of all the years and all the people.

The aristocrats of the school regard Marge as a communist and a crank because she has been able to survive the flattening routine and to maintain her capacity for feeling. Yet she is the only vital person left in this narrow environment which systematically distorts personality by "finishing" it.

SAMUEL SILLEN.

Henrik Ibsen's Social Views

HENRIK IBSEN. *Critics Group. No. 6.* 35c.
DIALECTICS. *Critics Group. No. 4.* 10c.

THE basic piece on Ibsen in the latest publication of the Critics Group is by one not primarily a literary critic. Limiting himself to a specific analysis of Ibsen's historic background, Friedrich Engels, in his letter to Paul Ernst, outlines the philistine role of the Norwegian petty bourgeoisie in a country that lacked a progressive industrial group and a militant proletariat. Still, as Engels points out, the Norwegian petty bourgeois was descended from a relatively free peasantry and hence had more character and initiative than the German. The other essays by Lunacharski, Mehring, and Plekhanov discuss Ibsen's dramas from this angle. All stress Ibsen's negative Nietzschianism. They recognize his repudiation of the servile and opportunist psychology, but inveigh against Ibsen's failure to point a definite path.

These essays are stimulating pioneer work. At the time they appeared (between 1890 and 1906), criticism of Ibsen was lost in the shadowy æsthetic categories of fate and life. Contrasted with these ghostly approaches, the analyses contained in this pamphlet appear as valuable debunkers, gearing Ibsen's art to its concrete determinants. However, the same historic exigency made what seems today an exaggerated social emphasis, as when Lunacharsky and Plekhanov argue that because Brand's ethics lacks a definite program, it is "a mere empty shell."

This historic factor also accounts for the relative neglect of the specific æsthetic moments in Ibsen's dramas and their bearing on his ideology. Thus, his strong championship of realism in art leads Plekhanov to an almost unqualified condemnation of Ibsen's symbolism, overlooking the social values hidden in this technique. This may be illustrated with reference to his extended treatment of *An Enemy of the People.* Plekhanov attacks the *stated* individualism voiced by Stockmann in his speech at Captain Horster's house. Kenneth Burke has called attention to the fact that Stockmann speaks here to an *audience on the stage.* (Both have another audience in the theater proper). Thus, Stockmann's very platform indicates a social orientation, containing a kind of ironic self-criticism of his individualistic position. This self-criticism, embedded in the *dramatic process,* is present through most of Ibsen's work. Perhaps more crucial is the final scene. Ostensibly at the height of his aristocratic persuasion, Stockmann declares that he is ready to educate his children himself, and he asks his daughter to get him some others. "Don't you know any street urchins—regular ragamuffins? . . . There may be some exceptional heads among them." Stockmann turns to the dispossessed who have no false ideals to uphold. Here, we have an instance of rebirth, focal for estimating Ibsen's social views in their totality.

Ibsen's later symbolic plays contain a great deal more of social import, both negative and positive, and in much subtler form. Final Marxist evaluation must consider Ibsen's idiom, his analytical technique, the specific nature of his symbolism, and establish the involved relationship of these technical forms to Ibsen's "views." Criticism of *drama* simply cannot omit the dramatic situation.

The *Dialectics* number carries a useful bibliography on Psychology and Marxism, a suggestive note on Taste, by Mehring, and a short, somewhat impatient piece on Zola, by Paul Lafargue.

The Critics Group merits commendation and support for bringing together valuable historical material not found elsewhere. If Marxist criticism today, such as that of Lucacs, is able to extend its analysis to include the formal and psychological categories, this is so partly because of the valiant spadework done by these earlier critics.

HARRY SLOCHOWER.

Jack Chen (A.C.A. Gallery)

Chinese Woman Volunteer

Handbook of Mexican Painting

CONTEMPORARY MEXICAN ARTISTS, *by Augustin Velasquez Chavez . Covici-Friede.* $2.75.

THIS volume is a useful handbook of Mexican painting today. In assembling the biographies of twenty-five painters and copiously illustrating his material, the author makes no attempt to present a critical analysis of the first modern school of social painting in the world. And in his desire to remain impartial, the æsthetic judgments of individual painters are for the most part quotations.

Tracing the antecedents of contemporary Mexican painting, Chavez divides it into the "painting of the city" and the "painting of the field," the former the painting of the white conquerors, the latter the ancient art of the Indians. He points out, however, that the revolution fused these two disparate arts—the imported European studio tradition and the ancient popular arts—into a mass art of dynamic proportions. Until then, the fierce vigor, the tenderness, the tropic color inherited from ancient Indian civilization had not found themselves in painting, although it had continued for centuries to flower in the popular arts of pottery, textiles, lacquers, etc. Mexican "fine arts," nurtured on the dregs of European culture, was, for the most part, servile and imitative. But at the beginning of the century, the Mexican artists who went to Paris discovered the French modernists and thereby technically advanced their art. Those who returned home during the civil war and revolution found a great theme—a theme so vast and moving that it reunited them to their own tradition. Out of the popular revolutionary movement was evolved a new school of painting. Three painters need no discussion here—Rivera, Orozco, and Siqueiros. But the value of Chavez's book is that it demonstrates that these men were not isolated phenomena in their world. There is Covarrubias, for example, whose caricatures have become an American institution. There is, to take another instance, Julio Castellanos, scarcely known north of the Rio Grande, yet a painter whose realism has great veracity combined with a grasp of formal problems. Two of the younger painters who stand out are Leopoldo Mendez, whose woodcuts revitalize the Posada tradition in contemporary terms, and Alfredo Zalce,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SAXON
Printing Co., Inc.
73 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.
Specialists in
TRADE UNION and
ORGANIZATION PRINTING
Phone us for an estimate on your next printing job
ALgonquin 4-0398

MUSIC LOVERS
100,000 of the finest records in the world, playable on any phonograph, on sale at 50c & 75c per record (value $1.50 & $2). The Symphonies, Chamber Music, Operas, etc., of Bach, Beethoven, Brahms, Mozart, Wagner, etc. Mail Orders. Catalogue.
The Gramophone Shop, Inc., 18 East 48th St., N. Y. C.

Associated Optometrists
247 WEST 34th STREET
NEW YORK CITY
Medallion 3-3242
Eyes examined—Glasses fitted

FOR REAL FRENCH COOKING
dine at
RESTAURANT de la TOUR EIFFEL
256 West 52nd St. New York City
Real French dishes
Filet Mignon, Civet de Lapin, Steak Minute, Escargots de Bourgogne.
Our regular dinner at 75c includes a glass of wine or special cocktail at no extra charge

EAT AT
THE CHINESE PAGODA
RESTAURANT
famous for its delicious though inexpensive Chinese dishes
49 East 10th Street, New York

Multigraphing—Letters reproduced exactly like typewriting, any quantity. Also mimeographing, printing and mailing. Quality at low prices.
MAILERS ADVERTISING SERVICE
121 West 42nd Street, N. Y. C. BRyant 9-5053

YOU WILL WANT IT AGAIN AND —AGAIN—
AFTER READING THIS ISSUE OF THE NEW MASSES, SO WHY NOT SUBSCRIBE *NOW!*
Special Trial Subscription
12 WEEKS for $1.00
NEW MASSES, 31 E. 27th St., New York
I enclose $1.00 for which please send me the New Masses for 12 weeks.
Name .....
Address .....
City .....
Occupation..... 1-18
No Agent's commission on this special offer.

Please mention NEW MASSES *when patronizing advertisers*

a lyric artist of great delicacy. Steeled in Mexican social tradition, these disparate talents have worked successfully on a collective mural for the printers' union in Mexico City.

Among other painters less well known in the United States are Francisco Goitia, Maximo Pacheco, Maria Izquierdo, and Antonio Ruiz. Included in the book is the Guatemalan painter Carlos Merida; missing is Jean Charlot and Pablo O'Higgins, the former French, the latter American, yet both completely identified with the Mexican movement. Two things stand out in running over the illustrations—first that the preëminence of mural painting as a popular art has not wiped out easel painting; secondly, that the influence of Picasso pervades the structure of Mexican painting, and gives to those painters in contact with it a stronger plastic. A third matter not apparent in the book, but nevertheless important, is that the second generation of revolutionary painters, whose organization is the L.E.A.R. (League of Revolutionary Writers and Artists) are developing the social mural and increasing its appeal by painting in schools, on billboards, freight trains—in all public places where large crowds congregate.

CHARMION VON WIEGAND.

A Marxist Study of Ancient Rome

MARC ANTONY: HIS WORLD AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES, *by Jack Lindsay. E. P. Dutton & Co.* $3.75.

THE general field of classical studies has been influenced less, perhaps, than any other branch of learning by the realistic approach to history and the advances of modern psychology. The thought categories and assumptions which underlie classical research remain too often vague and confused. A book like the one under review, which uses the famous and fascinating story of Antony and Cleopatra as a basis for a re-study of the real forces behind the events of Roman history, should, therefore, be a great stimulus to the specialist as well as of absorbing interest to the general reader.

The author deals trenchantly and well with the nexus of patrician and official propaganda that we dignify by the title of "source materials" for the study of Roman history. He appraises characters like Catiline, Clodius, and Dolabella more adequately than do the orthodox historians. He shows a real awareness of the importance of mass movements and mass demands in the unfolding of the pageant of Roman and ancient history. He deals faithfully and well with the usurious little ways of the "noble" Brutus, and he has an excellent appreciation of the importance in ancient history of the religious expression of social and class forces. Moreover, he exposes adequately enough the absurdity of the modern attempt to make of Cæsar worship—the exultant triumph of a rising class—the ideological basis for modern fascism. To this extent the work

Hundreds of Books Below Regular Prices
at the
WORKERS BOOKSHOP
A Storehouse of MARXIST LITERATURE at Your Service
Here Are a Few "MUST" Items for You:

1. HISTORY OF THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION, based on original documents. Edited by Stalin and others..... $1.25
2. THE CIVIL WAR IN THE UNITED STATES, by Marx and Engels $2.50
   The book which for the first time gives you a Marxist analysis of the American Civil War in English.
3. ENGELS ON CAPITAL. A guide book to the study of Karl Marx's monumental work. $1.25
4. NEW FASHIONS IN WAGE THEORY, by Kuczynski..... $1.50
   A Marxist analysis of the fascist theories of wages. An examination of the theories of Keynes, Robinson, Hicks, Rueff, with statistical essays by the author.

Hundreds of books that sell elsewhere at from 20 to 50% above the prices in our stores can now be had at very low prices.

•
WORKERS BOOKSHOP
50 EAST 13th STREET
and
Workers Library Publishers
Box 148, Station D, New York City

Please mention NEW MASSES *when patronizing advertisers*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LENIN MEMORIAL MEETING

•

WED. JANUARY 19TH 8 P.M.

MADISON SQ. GARDEN

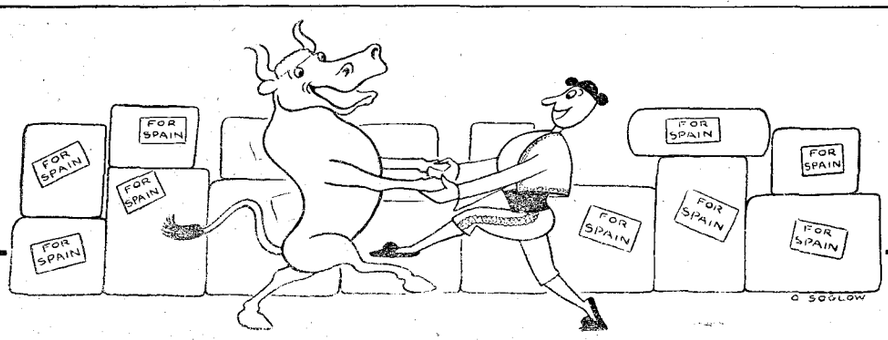
Chairman: **JAMES FORD**

Speakers: **ROY HUDSON · MOTHER BLOOR**
ISRAEL AMTER · ELIZABETH GURLEY FLYNN

Entertainment: A SHORT PLAY, "TODAY IN AMERICA"
CHORUS OF 200 VOICES
and "DANCE of ALL NATIONS" by ANNA SOKOLOW and GROUP

Admission: 25c 40c 75c $1.10 • *Tickets* AT ALL WORKERS BOOKSHOPS

Auspices: NEW YORK STATE COMMITTEE, COMMUNIST PARTY



SOMETHING NEW—HELD IN A WAREHOUSE

A BARRICADES BARBECUE

You'll have the time of your life. A reproduction of a bombed Spanish Village on fiesta night. Games, dinner, artists, guitarists, dancers, mass dancing, stars of the stage and screen, RALPH BATES, novelist; LEADBELLY, singer unique. Decorated and designed by Frank Stout. Music all the time. Come in costume if you can. It begins at 4 P. M. and runs till everybody goes home. Who could ask for more?

January 16th — Warehouse — 227 West 17th Street, New York City

Auspices: The Metropolitan Committees, Medical Bureau to Aid Spanish Democracy

Admission 99 cents — Including a Real Spanish Dinner

Please mention NEW MASSES *when patronizing advertisers*

is indeed a very valuable piece of pioneering.

At the same time it must be said that the last word on the dialectics of the slave-owning society has by no means been spoken. The author tends to import his convictions about the central issues of our own time into his analysis of the Roman republic. He speaks of the bankruptcy of liberal reformism, of the army as the one organization composed of "real working men." He makes too sharp a distinction—for Rome—between "finance capitalists" and "industrial capitalists," and as a consequence blurs the central social struggle in the late Roman republic, the struggle between the interests of the senatorial and equestrian classes. He regards concentration of wealth as the chief problem of the later republic, a problem that Antony and Octavian temporarily solved. Nothing is said about the need for constant imperial expansion in order to keep up the supply of slaves. The grim internal struggles of the early empire—of which we may regard Tiberius and Germanicus as the exemplars—would be from any categories developed in this book quite inexplicable. And the analysis given of the decay of Greco-Roman society seems quite unconvincing. But such differences of opinion may be open to argument.

The important fact is that we have here a book abounding in fresh insights, written in a sprightly style, and giving the reader a sense of the social realities that underlie the bombast of Cicero and the world-shaking achievements of Cæsar. As such it can be warmly recommended.

J. R. DAYTON.

Brief Reviews

DEATH SAILS WITH MAGELLAN, *by Charles Ford. Random House.* $2.50.

The circumnavigation of the globe by Magellan's expedition, climaxing a long series of maritime discoveries, enabled the sixteenth-century cartographers to block out the general shape of the world. Of the three caravels bearing two hundred and fifty men that had sailed from Spain in 1518, only one, with thirty-five survivors aboard, returned in 1522. Mr. Ford's book is a novelized account of the bloody, terrible voyage, based on minute study of the available records, the gaps filled in by the author's exhaustive deduction and inference. Further interest in this sea story is added by the imaginative expansion of a brief reference in an official report to a young Spaniard, who was found by a later expedition on the island of Guam, touched seven years earlier by Magellan's ships. The publishers properly compare the book with the *Bounty* trilogy.

M. M.

A GOLDEN TREASURY OF JEWISH LITERATURE, *selected and edited by Leo W. Schwarz. Farrar & Rinehart.* $3.

As a sort of companion volume to his *Jewish Caravan* of stories, Mr. Schwarz presents this very rich anthology of Jewish literature from many centuries before Christ to the current year. What is Jewish literature? Mr. Schwarz decides that it "is what Jews have written about themselves and their life in any language as well as their creations, whatever the subject matter, in the Hebrew and Yiddish tongues." The limitation of the first portion of this criterion will seem not a little inconsistent with the latter half. But the editor's point of view in his choice is consistent enough with such phrases as "Israel in America" in his notes, and with the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

greater fullness of the biographical data when his subject happens to be a Zionist. Naturally then, poor Heine, excluded by the Nazis as a Jew, finds himself *declassé* too in these pages; Spinoza and Bergson, consigned to flames in Berlin, are considered to have no "justification" for inclusion among "Jewish" writers.

But however narrow his approach, the editor is entitled to great praise for the literary quality of what he has printed. The array is imposing. It is also to his credit that when the selections are excerpted from larger works, he has chosen so well that each piece seems complete—a rare quality in an anthology. Most welcome is the large number of poems, many of great imaginative beauty, unfamiliar to the English-reading public. B. G.

OUR RACIAL AND NATIONAL MINORITIES, THEIR HISTORY, CONTRIBUTIONS, AND PRESENT PROBLEMS. *Edited by Francis J. Brown and Joseph Slabey Roucek. Prentice-Hall, Inc.*

Nearly forty million people from half a hundred countries have helped to settle, develop, and build the United States during the past century and a quarter. Behind this crude fact lies a drama of absorbing interest and major significance. A generous portion of this drama is presented in this massive volume of over eight hundred closely printed pages, representing the contribution of some forty authorities dealing with as many minority groups, including the American Indian, the Negro, and the Jew. Primarily a symposium for the use of students and research workers, the book attempts a survey of the characteristics, activities, accomplishments, and problems of the principal peoples making up the American population. The central feature consists of separate essays of varying length and value dealing with groups in the "old" and "new" immigration periods, with special sections on the Jew, the Negro, Asiatics, Canadians, and American colonial peoples (Filipinos, Hawaiians, etc.) Considerable information of the orthodox cultural type may be found in these chapters, although a serious defect in the volume is the inadequacy of material dealing with labor, trade union, progressive, and revolutionary activities, all of which are either ignored or played down—although James Weldon Johnson does set forth a very few of the facts bearing on the social disabilities of the Negro.

It is a pity that a volume so rich in general information on American minorities should be so weak on the crucial issues of political and economic equality—a weakness summed up in the editors' view of the problem of American minorities as "primarily a problem of attitudes—of ethnocentrism on the one hand and of prejudice on the other." What is "ethnocentrism" if not an outgrowth of material factors? And as for "prejudice," the sooner we stop academic generalizations about such things in our discussions of minority groups the better for all concerned. H. W.

BENEATH GRASS ROOTS, *by Frank Waters. J. B. Liveright Co.* $2.50.

This novel suffers from a severe case of anemia. The thickness of the book alone gives a healthy enough appearance and shows that Frank Waters has ransacked his material. Rogiers, normally a building contractor, is gripped by the gold-mining craze of his day. His obsessed thoughts make him venture into the mountains with his pick and shovel. He forgets about his family and trade, and squanders his savings on buying machinery. His futile attempts to dig beneath the grass roots for the fabulous mineral impairs his energies and leads to a shattered death. The protracted narration of his decline trudges across the murky background with a cumbersome, heavy tread. He never acts from an inner compulsion but is dragged, almost unwillingly, to his predestined end. Neither the colorful setting of Pike's Peak nor the elderly miner emerges from the weighty framework of historical data to surge with the pulsing vitality of an imaginative presentation. G. A.

DANCE FOR SPAIN

MARTHA GRAHAM • ANNA SOKOLOW
HANYA HOLM • TAMIRIS
and Their Groups
BALLET CARAVAN • ARTHUR MAHONEY
PAUL DRAPER

FRIDAY JANUARY 28 8 P. M.

HIPPODROME 43d St. at 6th Ave.
Tickets 50c, 75c, $1, $1.50, $2.00 (*plus tax*) *at all agencies*
Benefit
MEDICAL BUREAU & NORTH AMERICAN COMMITTEE TO AID SPANISH DEMOCRACY, 381 4th Ave., N. Y. C.

BLOOMFIELD'S MUSIC SHOP
118 EAST 14TH ST.

RCA VICTOR

TRIO IN D MAJOR
BEETHOVEN (M 370)
Hephzibah & Yehudi Menuhin and Maurice Eisenberg

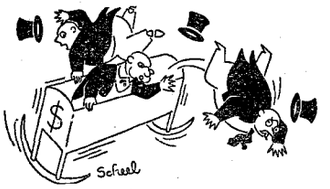
PHONE GRAMERCY 7-2707

CATALOGUE MAILED FREE

A MOST COMPLETE STOCK of RCA VICTOR HIGH FIDELITY POPULAR & CLASSICAL RECORDINGS

Mail Orders Shipped Promptly. *Free Delivery in New York City.*

NEW MASSES BENEFIT
Wednesday, February 9th



Marc Blitzstein's Brilliant Operetta
"The Cradle Will Rock"
Tickets: 83c, $1.10, $1.65, $2.20
Call New Masses Office—CAledonia 5-3076

Continue the New Year Properly
POST NEW YEAR'S BALL
Saturday Night, January 15th, 1938
ROYAL WINDSOR
66th Street off Broadway
$1,000.00 in Prizes will be distributed
DANCE to the merry tunes of OLSHY and his 14 SWING MASTERS. See Ravel's "BOLERO" danced by Carlton and Juliette
AUSPICES: NEW YORK JEWISH BURO, C. P.
Subscription:
65c at the door—50c in advance
Tickets on sale at:
Workers Bookshop, 50 E. 13th St., N. Y. C.
Morning Freiheit, 50 E. 13th St., N. Y. C.

SYMPOSIUM
"LENIN'S Contribution to Modern Thought"
LOUIS BOUDIN PROF. V. J. MCGILL
ROBERT W. DUNN MOISSAYE OLGIN
MALCOLM COWLEY, *Chairman*
WEDNESDAY Jan. 26 8:30 P. M.
Admission 35c
HOTEL CENTER
108 West 43rd St., N. Y.
Auspices: AMERICAN FRIENDS OF THE SOVIET UNION
Tickets at Bookshop, 50 E. 13th St. A. F. S. U., 824 Broadway

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
Showplace of the Nation Rockefeller Center
presents WALT DISNEY'S
SNOW WHITE
AND THE SEVEN DWARFS
GALA STAGE SHOW
1st Mezzanine Seats Reserved COl. 5-6535

BENEFIT TO AID SPANISH DEMOCRACY
AT THE
New School for Social Research, 66 W. 12th Street
SUNDAY EVENING, JANUARY 23rd, at 8:45
SIDNEY SUKOENIG, PIANIST (Steinway)
Tickets, 55c, $1.10, $1.65
ON SALE AT: Rm. 901, 125 West 45th Street and Neighborhood Book Shop, 141 East 29th Street

ADVERTISE YOUR NEXT AFFAIR IN
the NEW MASSES under
"GOINGS-ON"
A New Column Devoted to What's On Around Town
Parties, Dances, Lectures, Etc.
DEADLINE: FRIDAY, 5 p. m.
RATES: 40 Cents a Line
6 words to a line Minimum 3 lines

You needn't say—
When you - - - - - - EXCUSE ME!
DANCE
WALTZ, FOX TROT, TANGO
etc., taught men and women beginners
Registration daily 2 to 11 P. M.
SOCIAL DANCE GROUP
94 Fifth Avenue (14th Street) GR. 5-9264

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SIGHTS AND SOUNDS

Quicksilver at the Mercury

IT is a pleasure to point out, in a kind of New Year's audit, that in a season which is admittedly the worst in years, many of the hits hail from the so-called left, or social, theater, to wit, *Golden Boy, Pins and Needles, Julius Cæsar, The Cradle Will Rock,* and most recently *The Shoemaker's Holiday*. No doubt the impending Living Newspaper's *One Third of the Nation* will shortly join the list. Things might be worse!

Thanks to the restrictions imposed by the Federal Theatre last summer and to the sensational success of Sunday evening performances by the Mercury Theatre, Marc Blitzstein's operetta of Steeltown is the best known production of the season. It is now possible for everyone who has heard and read about *The Cradle Will Rock* to see it at the Windsor Theatre at any one of its regular eight performances a week, just like any other show. Those who go back to see it again will find it produced in the same sensationally unostentatious style which first set a Broadway bogged down with scenery by the ears: three rows of chairs for settings, and Mr. Blitzstein at the piano for orchestra (when he is not acting any one of three roles). There have been some cast changes due to the fact that even Will Geer and Hiram Sherman cannot be in more than one place at a time. But Howard DaSilva, Olive Stanton, and John Adair, among others, are as good as ever; the performance has lost none of the vivid theatricality which arises from the very simplicity and directness of its form; and "The Cradle Will Rock" and "The Nickel Under the Foot" are still songs that lift you out of your seat.

This matter of theatricality has become of prime interest this season, due in large measure to the newly-arrived Mercury Theatre, which has miraculously infused what had too often been a trite and hackneyed routine of staging and acting with something which can only be described for lack of a better term as essential *theater*. This is true of both *The Cradle Will Rock* and *Julius Cæsar* and also, to an exhilarating degree, of *The Shoemaker's Holiday,* just added to the repertory. Much of the credit must go to Orson Welles, who had already clearly demonstrated, in the Negro *Macbeth, Horse Eats Hat,* and *Faustus,* that he possessed the most vital creative talent in our theater today. He does not strive for novel effects for their own sake. His innovations come from the exuberance of his imagination which is cramped by conventional stage formulas. He is seething with ideas; he packs them into every minute of his productions, sometimes to the point of overcrowding. No matter; we have been starving for "theater" of this kind for so long that a little indigestion is a pleasure.

Nor is his approach in the least false or "arty." Take *The Shoemaker's Holiday*. Its gorgeously bawdy humor, racing pace, warm and vivid characterizations owe their felicity not only to the vividness and taste of Welles's directorial imagination but to the soundness of his understanding of human types and social relationships. Dekker's uproarious farce is brimful of rich significance. Interwoven with young Rowland Lacy's mad impersonation of a shoemaker apprentice, the better to win his dear Rose despite the opposition of her tyrannical father, and little Jane's near-tragic affair with Master Hammon in her husband's absence ("pressed to the bitter wars"), are a passionate democracy of the spirit, a hatred of wars which tear families asunder, a reverence for the men who toil with their hands, an abhorrence for the fetiches of wealth and position. These themes are carried largely by the warmly human character of Master Simon Eyre, a shoemaker by trade risen to be Lord Mayor of London, and his three stalwart apprentices.

Under Welles's inspiring direction there are nothing less than amazing performances, from Edith Barrett who, as the insanely boisterous maid Sybil, shakes off once and for all the curse of Mrs. Moonlight, from Vincent Price, Marian Warring-Manley, Whitford Kane, Elliott Reid, Ruth Ford, and Hiram Sherman as the unforgettable Firk. Mr. Sherman by virtue of his performance here, and lately in *The Cradle Will Rock,* bids fair to become the outstanding comic of the season. Mention must also be made of the costumes, and of the settings, astonishing in their simplicity and effectiveness.

By comparison, the remaining openings of the week make a sorry showing. *The Greatest Show on Earth,* which tells the story of a revolt among the animals of a circus, had real possibilities of pathos and satire. Instead it is an ineptly written piece which boasts an excess of humor at the expense of the more common bodily functions, and two of the dirtiest scenes of this or any other year in a geldings' stable.

J. B. Priestley's *Time and the Conways* is another matter. Priestley's preoccupation with time, with the reality of things as they are, and with that particular theatrical conceit which shows us characters on the stage indulging in dreams which the audience knows are delusions, has been displayed before, in *Dangerous Corner* and *Eden End.* The Conway family in 1919 faces the future with hope and joy, and occasional premonitions of impending doom. Act II shows them fifteen years later—bitter, frustrated, and embroiled with one another. Act III goes back to where Act I left off, the audience much the wiser, the Conways again hopeful and joyous and again having premonitions. Mr. Priestley blames the mess of their lives on time—"There's a great devil loose in the world and we call it time"—and derives some metaphysical comfort from a so-called long view in which sour maturity and old age are cancelled out by a happier youth. The play is dull and static because such a concept denies the possibility of action or of any real understanding of the forces which shape people or events. It is interesting to recall that Priestley's *English Journey,* as scorching and realis-

Recent Recommendations

MOVIES

Peter the First. A magnificent and gusty historical film of Russian life as it was when Peter "opened the window to Europe," superbly acted and directed. Easily ranks among the very best of historical pictures.

Young Pushkin. A moving tale of the youth of Russia's greatest poet and of his early revolt against the stifling atmosphere of court life.

People of France. Here's a film acted by and for the masses, which is a brilliant testimony to the political maturity of the French Communist Party and provides one explanation of its rapid growth.

China Strikes Back. A vivid picture of the Chinese people's defense against the Japanese invasion with excellent shots of life in the Eighth Route Army and of its generals.

Heart of Spain. A documentary of medical aid to Spain, which has rightly been called "pictorial dynamite."

PLAYS

The Cradle Will Rock (Windsor, N. Y.). Marc Blitzstein's satiric operetta, a dynamic, pungent work which brings music to grips with reality.

The Good Soldier Schweik (Artef, N. Y.). A robust anti-war satire which provides hilarious entertainment and is enhanced by some of the finest acting to be met with in the theater today.

A Doll's House (Morosco, N. Y.). Ibsen's drama of frustrated womanhood in a charming revival.

Pins and Needles (Labor Stage, N Y.). This I.L.G.W.U. production is the brightest, most sparkling revue in many a season. Social significance at its entertaining best.

Of Mice and Men (Music Box, N. Y.). John Steinbeck's warm novel of friendship between workers expertly dramatized and extremely well acted.

Julius Caesar (Mercury, N. Y.). Orson Welles's production of the Shakespearean play in modern clothes and with fascist overtones is one of the highlights of the current season.

Golden Boy (Belasco, N. Y.). Clifford Odets's new play of a prizefighter is rich in social implications and still a story that grips for its own sake.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tic a picture of present-day England as has been written, shows the same inability to understand what it observes, and consequent passivity and paralysis. ELEANOR FLEXNER.

Housing and Flood Control in the Films

FILMS from the so-called independent Hollywood companies seldom get reviewed in these pages. Not that we adopt a snobbish attitude toward the work of independents, but simply because their product is in the main composed of second-rate westerns, money-making serials, and assorted crime thrillers—all produced with a poverty of imagination that is in direct proportion to the amount of money they spend on the films.

But on several occasions they have contradicted themselves by showing that decent films could be produced on small budgets. One of the most outstanding "contradictions" was a film produced last year by Republic Pictures from a script by Samuel Ornitz. The film was called *Two Wise Maids* and was built around the lack of playgrounds in large cities and around the dramatic idea of the mothers putting up an organized fight to get those playgrounds for their children.

Now from the pen of Rowland Brown (see issue of December 21, 1937) comes another fine film, *Boy of the Streets* (Monogram). Despite the fact that many aspects of the production and direction are typical of the work of the "independents," it possesses a sincerity and conviction that *Dead End*, which is based on a similar theme, never achieved even with Sam Goldwyn's millions and the array of splendid talent.

Boy of the Streets is a story of the slums. Like *Dead End* and Rowland Brown's own *Devil Is a Sissy*, it points to the slums as the breeder of crime, juvenile delinquency, and disease. But what is more important, there is no subtlety about its (yes!) propaganda for decent housing. No, this is not a revolutionary film. Its solution is confused and depends upon the social consciousness of a young heiress with a flair for reform, who decides to remodel her houses for the benefit of her tenants. There is, in addition, the simple story of Chuck (beautifully played by Jackie Cooper).

Chuck is the gang leader who falls in with a local racketeer. There are realistic gang-fights and incidents of gang loyalties. There is Chuck's overworked slum-mother who supports the entire family. Jackie Cooper's splendid interpretation of Chuck and the rest of the youngsters contribute to the splendid script to make a fine picture. It is too bad that the generally unimaginative direction of William Nigh and several sequences put into the film to lift its production value, prevent this film from being the motion picture it had every right to be.

Another noteworthy independent production (this one is really independent) is *The River* (distributed by Paramount for the Farm Security Administration) which is listed as a

Sold out for the month of January

PINS AND NEEDLES

New York's smash hit musical with the I.L.G.W.U. Players

Presented at the LABOR STAGE, 106 West 39th Street

Tickets Now On Sale for February

Orchestra Prices: $2.20 and $2.75 Evening—$1.65 and $2.20 Matinee

Telephone BRyant 9-1163

"Its magnificent acting is so superior to anything from Hollywood that the comparison isn't even funny." —N. Y. World-Telegram.

AMKINO Presents

PETER The FIRST

"One of the finest films ever made." —Wm. Dieterle, *Director of "Zola"*

Based on the Novel by ALEXEI TOLSTOY

GRAND PRIX PARIS MCMXXXVII

"Magnificent, gusty—Stands among the best of historical pictures." —NEW YORKER.

"Great—Has established a standard that all historical films will aim at for years." —NEW MASSES.

FOURTH SMASH WEEK!

CAMEO 42nd St., East of Broadway New York City

SONOTONE Van Buren near Michigan Chicago, Ill.

THE MAURICE SCHWARTZ PRODUCTION OF I.J. SINGER'S

BROTHERS ASHKENAZI

ד׳ בריידר אשכנזי

COMPLETE ENGLISH SYNOPSIS

YIDDISH ART THEATRE • 7th Ave. & 59th St.

WITHIN A BLOCK FROM 8th AVE., B.MT. AND I.R.T. SUBWAYS

EVERY EVG. INCL SUN. at 8:30. - MATS. SAT. & SUN. at 2:30 - Circle 6-1730

PHONE AND MAIL ORDERS ACCEPTED FOR ALL PERFORMANCES

"A PERFECT WORK OF ART" —Brooks Atkinson, *Times*

SAM H. HARRIS *presents*

OF MICE and MEN

A New Play by JOHN STEINBECK

Directed by GEORGE S. KAUFMAN

MUSIC BOX 45th St., W. of B'way. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:40.

THE GROUP THEATRE *presents*

"A good straightforward play . . . thrilling to listen to."—BENCHLEY, *New Yorker.*

GOLDEN BOY

By CLIFFORD ODETS

"Odets has written what is by far his best play." — FLEXNER, *New Masses.*

BELASCO THEA. 44 St., E. of B'way. Evgs. 8:40 Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:40. 50c to $2.00

THE CRADLE WILL ROCK

Sam. H. Grisman *presents* A MERCURY THEATRE PRODUCTION by MARC BLITZSTEIN

WINDSOR THEA. 48th St. E. of B'way. BR 9-0178 Evenings, 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:45

SEATS, 50c to $2 (plus tax) NOW ON SALE

MERCURY NEW YORK'S CLASSICAL REPERTORY THEATRE

SHOEMAKERS' HOLIDAY Jan. 14, 15, Mat. and Eve. 19th Mat. and Eve., 20th, 27th Mat. and Eve., and 28th.

CAESAR Jan. 13, Mat. and Eve., 17th, 18th, 21st, 22nd, Mat. and Eve., 24th, 25th, 26th, Mat. and Eve.

MERCURY Theatre, 41st St. East of B'way. BR 9-3688 Evenings at 9 Popular Prices: 55c-$2.20 Mats. at 3

Please mention NEW MASSES *when patronizing advertisers*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hitting a New High

NEW MASSES
is happy to announce the following program

Choral Dance Music
CARLOS CHAVEZ'S *Tierra Mojada*
Performers: Anna Sokolow—Lehman Engel Singers. Lehman Engel conducting.

Film Music
By PAUL BOWLES. Mr. Bowles at the piano.

Opera for Children
Solos from AARON COPLAND'S *Second Hurricane*
Performers: Vivian Bloch, Arthur Anderson and others. Mr. Copland at the piano.

Choral Music
LEHMAN ENGEL'S music from *Murder in the Cathedral* and *Within the Gates*
VIRGIL THOMSON'S *Christmas Eve Music*
Performers: Lehman Engel Singers. Mr. Engel and Mr. Thomson at the piano.

Revue Music
By HAROLD J. ROME. Mr. Rome at the piano.

Radio Music
MARC BLITZSTEIN'S *I've Got the Tune*
Entire Company. Mr. Blitzstein at the piano.

Militant Music
Gettysburg Address by chorus. Earl Robinson conducting

Salon Music
VIRGIL THOMSON'S *Portraits*. Mr. Thomson at the piano.

Music for the Dance
WALLINGFORD RIEGGER'S Finale from the *New Dance* arranged for two pianos.
Paul Creston and Edwin Gerschefski at pianos.
ALEX NORTH'S *Ballade*—Dancer: Anna Sokolow.

Theater Music
By KURT WEILL, HANNS EISLER.
Performers: Mordecai Bauman, baritone.
Mr. Blitzstein at the piano.

Swing Music
COUNT BASIE AND HIS BAND.

Charles Friedman directing entire production

Program confined to two hours

Sunday Evening, Feb. 6

46th STREET THEATRE
226 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City

Tickets on Sale: New Masses, 31 East 27th Street
Workers Bookshop, 50 E. 13 St. Commodore Music Shop, 144 E. 42 St.
For Reservations Call Tiba Garlin, CAledonia 5-3076
All Seats Reserved. 55c, 83c, $1.10, $1.65, $2.20.

"United States Documentary Film." Paré Lorentz, who produced that well-known pioneer in government documentary films, *The Plough That Broke the Plains,* wrote and directed *The River.* This second film is more ambitious in its structure; it attempts to be more dynamic and more literary (I have heard the commentary referred to as blank verse). The photography of Stacy Woodward, Floyd Crosby, and Willard Van Dyke (of the staff of Frontier Films) is splendid. Certain of the sequences (like the shots of the close-up of the ax filling the entire frame as it is dug into the trunk of the tree) are really thrilling to watch.

When one compares it with the rest of the government films, with the commercial films, *The River* is really an outstanding production. It is a conscious attempt to make a contribution to the cinema. That attempt, which is responsible for all of its many splendid qualities, is also responsible for its failures as a documentary film. Other critics will violently disagree, but I feel that the commentary gets in the way of the film. The film tells the story of land erosion—the tragedy of the soil and its effect on the people. It states that theme at least three times, but never develops it completely. The attempt was to use the simple method of repetition to achieve a dynamic structure. The commentary at one point says: "You cannnot plan for water unless you plan for land. . . . You cannot plan for water and land unless you plan for people." And you cannot make a dynamic and meaningful film about the tragedy of erosion and of the lack of planning unless you include the people. You cannot hope to show what the new projects, the Norris Dam, the Pickwick Dam, and the rest of the Tennessee Valley projects mean by merely stressing the formal beauties of these structures. In other words, with the exception of the heart-breaking sharecropper sequence (contributed by March of Time's cameraman Herbert) *The River* is an abstract film, beautiful in many ways (in the formal sense) but still an abstract film.

Wells Fargo (Paramount) and *In Old Chicago* (20th Century-Fox) are two "historical" epics. At least the Chicago film has an amusing and bawdy story (to hell with the history since producers won't be accurate anyway) and a swell fire. All *Wells Fargo* has to offer is a dull series of artificial sequences broken up with superimposed dates. *Wise Girl* (R.K.O.-Radio) is an attempt at whimsy and a preposterous (and very labored) interpretation of Greenwich Village life—Hollywood style. *En Saga,* at the Continental Theater (N. Y.), a sound version of George Schneevoigt's silent Danish film *Laila,* is an unhappy wedding between screwy ethnology and a tale of boy meets girl. The first part of the film (which is really a prologue) is quite nice in its presentation of the Laplanders and the country. But once the film starts (about the fourth reel), it goes to pieces.

The comedy of the month is *True Confession,* the latest in Paramount's long series of insane comedies that mix brilliant satire (in spots) with complete absurdities. So that you get a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CAMP NITGEDAIGET
BEACON, N. Y. Beacon 731
SPORTS—GOOD FOOD—DANCING
Hotel Accommodations
$17 Per Week **$3** Per Day
City Offices: EStabrook 8-1400

When in Lakewood Be Sure to Visit Your Comrades At Their Rendezvous
THE ROYALE
708 Princeton Ave. Telephone:
Lakewood, N. J. Lakewood 1146
Our New Annex Assures You of Added Social and Sport Facilities
SONIA GELBAUM ANNA BROUDE

Enjoy a true comradely atmosphere at
RAVEN LODGE
416 Third Street Tel.: Lakewood 922
Lakewood, N. J. City Information Sk. 4-1596
Special rates to NEW MASSES Readers
CELIA BOOBAR I. GOLD

Lakewood Modern School
115 Cary Street Lakewood, N. J.
A progressive school for children of kindergarten and elementary age
WRITE JAMES H. DICK Tel.: LKWD 1031
(Summer camp at Carmel, N. Y.)

VITA-RAY HOUSE
THE ONLY VEGETARIAN HOTEL
Near LAKEWOOD, NEW JERSEY
Tel. 154 M. 1, Lakewood—P. O. Box 233
CITY INFORMATION:
BESTFOOD RESTAURANT V. Tofilowsky
225 West 36th Street CHickering 4-8547

CLASSIFIED ADS 40c a line
6 words in a line 3 lines minimum

VACATION CAMP RESORTS

CAMP FOLLOWERS OF THE TRAIL Located at Westchester Park Reservations. Ideal Place for Vacation and Week-ending. Steamheated house. Wholesome food. $13 per week. By train, N. Y. Central to Peekskill. Fare, 75c. Write: Buchanan, New York. Phone: Peekskill 2879.

WE HAVE MOVED TO LARGER QUARTERS
MILLARD'S LODGE
Famous for its Cuisine and Homelike Atmosphere
Moderate Rates
423 7th St., between Madison and Forest Avenue
LAKEWOOD, N. J. Phone: Lakewood 394-W
A COZY RETREAT IN THE PINES

FURNISHED ROOMS (Brooklyn)

MANHATTAN BEACH HOTEL
37 Minutes from Times Square
Live in this modern fire-proof hotel away from city noise. Singles, $5.50 weekly up. SHeepshead 3-3000.

PIANO INSTRUCTION

SOPHIE SOLOTAROFF—Teacher of Yaltah Menuhin. Formerly with Julliard Foundation under A. Siloti. Beginners and Advanced. 1212 Grant Ave. Bx. TO. 2-4983.

LANGUAGES

Round-Table Conversation Groups with Alert, Native Instructors
FRENCH. Wednesdays —6 P. M.
SPANISH. Thursdays —6 P. M.
Private Instruction All Languages. 9 a. m. to 9 p. m.
LANGUAGE SERVICE CENTER
Lewis Bertrand, Director
507 Fifth Avenue (42nd St.) MU. 2-4221.

ART

OUR VAN GOGH REPRODUCTIONS beautifully med, large size, only $1.98 ($10 value). Limited mber. Workers Bookshop, 50 East 13th Street.

UNUSUAL OPPORTUNITY

N AND WOMEN interested in earning good salary ng New Masses. See George Clay, District Dis- ators, 832 Broadway, 3rd floor.

se mention NEW MASSES *when patronizing advertisers*

divided film that is half satire and half conventional comedy. As in *Hands Across the Table* and *The Princess Comes Across* Carole Lombard shares comedy honors and film battles with Fred MacMurray. As in the other films there is always a real celebrity that is satirized. This time it is Tommy Manville and his blonde secretaries. The high point of the film is the court-room scene with Porter Hall as the district attorney stealing the show.

PETER ELLIS.

Finale: Dance International

AFTER thirty-five days at the International Building, Radio City, and the Rainbow Room, the Dance International 1900-1937 moved to the Center Theatre for its finale, its evening of modern dance which played to 3500 seats and 330 standees, and lasted from nine to midnight. It was a lot of dancing and, except for the conspicuous and significant absence of the younger dancers, all the masters were assembled: Ruth St. Denis, Martha Graham, Doris Humphrey, Charles Weidman, Tamiris, and Hanya Holm, for what should have been the most gala dance event in years. But the emphasis of the Dance International was provincially on bulk and the concert, for all the individual qualities of the dancers, had to wade through an unbalanced and heavy program of dance, all of which with the exception of Ruth St. Denis's oriental themes have been seen this past year.

Cutting the program would have pointed the concert considerably, and the young revolutionary dancers might have contributed a bit to its tempo, but it wasn't that kind of Dance International. Actually, it was to all purposes more in the nature of a gaudy carnival grab-bag (I refer especially to the exhibition of books, paintings, and the tourist displays of folk dancing in the Rainbow Room), a more or less obvious play for the coming New York World's Fair rather than any honest attempt to arrive at a real presentation of the international dance scene—not to mention the racial harmonies so pretentiously mentioned at the least occasion. Dance International in name, in reality it was more in the nature of a side-show.

OWEN BURKE.

★

Forthcoming Broadcasts

(Times given are Eastern Standard, but all programs listed are on coast-to-coast hookups)

Unemployment and Taxation. Senator Robert M. LaFollette, Senator Ernest Lundeen, and Rep. Herbert S. Bigelow speak in connection with the conference of the Joint Committee on Unemployment and Taxation in Washington, Sat., Jan. 15, 2 p.m., C.B.S.

Arturo Toscanini. The maestro conducts another in his ten-broadcast series, Sat., Jan. 15, 10 p.m., N.B.C. red and blue.

Town Meeting of the Air Prominent speakers discuss the question: "Should Congress Adopt the President's Plan for Reorganization of Federal Bureaus?" Thurs., Jan. 20, 9:30 p.m., N.B.C. blue.

"GOINGS-ON"

THE MOST OUTSTANDING ENTERTAINMENT EVENING THIS SEASON! Feb. 6 at the 46th St. Theatre. In Person: Marc Blitzstein, Aaron Copland, Harold J. Rome, Alex North, Lehman Engel and his Singers, Wallingford Riegger, Anna Sokolow, Mordecai Bauman, Virgil Thomson, Paul Bowles, Count Basie and his famous Swing Band, Earl Robinson. Call us for your tickets. CAledonia 5-3076. See ad on page 30 for details.

"SOCIALIZED MEDICINE IN THE SOVIET UNION" will be discussed by the author DR. HENRY E. SIGERIST Friday evening, January 21, at 8:45 P. M. Thomas Paine Society, 88 Seventh Ave., South, N. Y. C. (7th Ave. Subway to Christopher St.) Questions and Discussion. Admission with this ad—40c.

MERRYMAKERS' DANCE-SOCIALS, every Saturday and Sunday Nite. Ballroom Hotel Imperial, Broadway and 32nd St. Make worth-while contacts. Sub: 40c.

"THE DIALECTICS OF THE STRUGGLE FOR DEMOCRACY": lecture by H. Martel, Sat. aft., Jan. 15, 2:30 p.m. Workers School, 35 E. 12th St., 2nd fl. Ad. 25c.

AMERICAN FRIENDS of MEXICAN PEOPLE present the Mexican Consul General, Senor Raphael De La Colina speaking on "Present Day Finances in Mexico," Thurs., Jan. 20, 8:30 p.m., ACA Gallery, 52 W. 8 St.

THE WOODCUTS of Dan Rico now on exhibit at the Workers Bookshop, 50 E. 13th St. Hear Dan Rico, Thurs., Jan. 13 at 3 p. m.—Artist's Day at Bookshop.

CLASSIFIED ADS 40c a line
6 words in a line 3 lines minimum

AMPLIFIERS FOR RENT

DANCE MUSIC amplified from latest swing records. Also loudspeakers for all occasions. White Sound Studio, 47 West 86th Street, SChuyler 4-4449.

INTERIOR DESIGNERS

MODERN INTERIOR FOR PROGRESSIVES. Offices, Apartments, Shops planned and executed on a budget. Featuring specially designed upholstered easy chair, $25.75. DESIGN-FOR-USE, 149 E. 34th St., 12-2 and 5-6, or call VAnderbilt 3-4658 for appointment.

SOVIET SONGS

LATEST RUSSIAN SOVIET SONGS ON RECORDS. NEW STAR RECORDING CO.
1560 BROADWAY NEW YORK CITY

PLAY TABLE TENNIS

PLAY TABLE TENNIS (Ping-Pong) at the Broadway Table Tennis Court, 1721 Broadway, bet. 54th-55th Sts., N. Y. One flight up. Expert instruction. Open from noon until 1 A. M. Tel.: CO. 5-9088.

PIANO TUNING

PIANO TUNING, regulating and repairing. Tone restoring and voicing. Excellent work. Ralph J. Appleton, 247 West 34th Street. Tel.: LOngacre 5-5843.

RUSSIAN ART

PEASANT HANDICRAFT FROM U.S.S.R. Large selection of blouses, linen, shawls, novelties. OUR ONLY STORE. Russian Art Shop, Inc., 9 W. 42nd St., N. Y. C.

OFFICE FURNITURE

MONARCH DESK AND PARTITION CO., 940 B'way, 22nd Street. Desks, Chairs, Files, Office partitions, Leather Furniture. 10% Discount with this ad.

ARMY AND NAVY

LEATHER & SHEEPLINED wind breakers, breeches, boots, Suede jackets, corduroy suits, hiking equipment. Special rates to readers.
HUDSON ARMY & NAVY STORE
105 Third Avenue Corner 13th Street New York

STATIONERY

LERMAN BROS.—100% Union Stationers & Printers
MIMEO PAPER AND SUPPLIES
37 East 14th Street, New York City
Phone ALgonquin 4-3356-7-8.

CIRCULATING LIBRARY

WORKERS BOOKSHOP Circulating Library, 50 E 13th Street, now fully restocked and reorganized. (Do you like our new balcony?) Join today. Nominal fees.

VOLUNTEERS

VOLUNTEER clerical workers to help in New Masses circulation campaign. Call at 31 East 27th Street, Room 42.

Please mention NEW MASSES *when patronizing advertisers*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I HAVE SPOKEN of the contrasts between black and white which express all the brutal energy of the drama without omissions or reticences. The black of a tuft of hair, of a shred of flesh torn from loins or shoulders, of the point of a lance tinged with blood, of caked blood on a parched lip, blotting with their tragic import the expanse of a naked breast. . . . A child's dead body, a soldier's trousers, the vomiting of a wounded man on the point of falling or the livid belly of an assassin's victim, the shining blade of a sword and the blood-stained place of a mutilated sexual member . . . all these suffice to emphasize the contrast in which there constantly appears the process so dear to all Spanish artists, which Goya, especially in his etchings, uses incessantly without ever fatiguing us, because it is life seized in its flight, the evidence of the extraordinary power possessed by all Spanish artists, and by him most of all." . . .

From Elie Faure's introduction to *The Disasters of the War.*

FRANCISCO DE GOYA
THE DISASTERS OF THE WAR
EIGHTY-FIVE ETCHINGS
REPRODUCED IN ACTUAL SIZE
INTRODUCTION BY ELIE FAURE
OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS · NEW YORK
"A chronicle of war, but one which portrays not just historical events but what war means to human life everywhere; the unleashing of rage, the horror and misery which follow in the train of war. Goya shows how men reeling in a wild intoxication, scarcely human any longer, hurling themselves at one another, grappling for each other's lives, wade and die in blood. Murder and rapine, sanctuaries desecrated, villages burned, houses collapsing, men horribly tortured and women struck down, taken as prizes, raped in the presence of their children, or fighting desperately for their honour — like a nightmare, all this moves before the observer's eyes unrolling a picture of war as horrible as can well be conceived." Professor Max Dvorak in "Essays on the History of Art"

CHANGE THE TIME to the present . . . from the invasion of Spain by the French in 1808 to the invasion of Spain by German and Italian fascism in 1936 and Goya's etchings on the horrors of war are as real today as they were when first created.

NOT JUST HORROR PICTURES... but pictures that evoke a hatred against war and those who breed war. It is a gruesome reminder of fascist barbarism with all its methods of torture and persecution.

GOYA'S "THE DISASTERS OF THE WAR"

should be in the possession of every peace-loving person. Here is your chance to own a copy . . . and at the same time get 52 issues of that hard-hitting fighter for peace . . . The NEW MASSES . . . both for $5.50.

NEW MASSES For One YEAR

(REGULARLY $4.50) . . . PLUS

GOYA'S "The Disasters of The WAR"

($3.50 for a six months subscription and *The Disasters of the War)*

$5.50*

(FOR BOTH)

** This offer good until January 28 Only*

NEW MASSES,
31 East 27th St., New York City.

I am enclosing $5.50 for a one year subscription to NEW MASSES and a copy of Goya's *The Disasters of the War.*

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

Occupation.....

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED